THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VII | New York, Wednesday, February 29, 1928 | Number 17

CONTENTS

Light and Darkness in Russia 1107
Week by Week 1109
Cuba Instructs Mexico 1112
The "Two Religions" Again 1112
Peace and Principle ..... George N. Shuster 1114
The Farm Problem ..... Robert Stewart 1116
Paradox and Prophecy, II ..... C. C. Martindale 1119
Cotton Mather, Bookkeeper for God ..... Edythe Helen Browne 1122
In Obitum *(verse)* ..... Gustav Davidson 1123
The Senate ex Cathedra ..... William C. Murphy, jr. 1124
Grace before Teaching *(verse)* ..... Elspeth Givens 1124
The Spanish Loan Exhibit ..... Anna McClure Sholl 1125
Communications 1126
Books ..... John Carter, John C. O'Connell, Bertram C. A. Windle, Sean O'Faolain, Martha Bayard, Elise H. Linfert, James J. Walsh, James Healy 1127
The Quiet Corner 1133

LIGHT AND DARKNESS IN RUSSIA

RECENT news about Russia has attracted a certain amount of superficial attention, but has served primarily to indicate how fully our national habit of blockading the avenues of information regarding the Soviets has estranged us from all that is actually happening in their country. None of us is sure that the exile of Trotsky "means" anything. We mingle fleeting impressions of workers spending holidays in former imperial palaces with visions of throngs having nothing to eat, and dying by droves of maladies which science has mastered in more favored lands. Our attitude toward the whole Russian problem is characterized by a more or less conscious "fear" which lames every effort we might conceivably make. And one feels that the time has come to declare that this "fear" is not merely ridiculous and dangerous, but that it actually blinds us to what could be done to render Moscow less a menace to the civilization of the world.

Qualified observers, like Count Sforza, no longer doubt that programmatic communism is the least stable portion of the Soviet adventure. The "working proletariat" constitutes less than one-tenth of the total population; and among the 800,000 souls who are members of the Soviets, not even one-half belong to the laboring class. Such influence as this group has been able to exert upon economics either within Russia or outside is really very small, being limited for the most part to a program of confiscation and haphazard central control. The power of the peasant has remained the governing industrial factor. It was because this peasant wanted division and distribution of the farm lands that bolshevism succeeded in the first instance. And now, after a series of concessions which Moscow was forced to make, the profile of the country emerges very much similar to what it was in the good old days. The "koulak"—a term used almost immemorially to describe the farmer who hires other men to work on his lands, who has an account in the bank, and who trades in money—has become once again the dominant character in the Russian economic drama. More and more distinctly, the Stalin government has come to recognize the inviolability in practice of "bourgeois" institutions not merely in the world at large but also within the borders of Russia itself. The moment when a system of "central accounting" will be set up and made to control all commercial and industrial enterprise is more remote than ever. Russia's revolution looks more and more like a costly, though perhaps in some respects a beneficial and unavoidable, attempt at liquidation of a nation's debt to its laboring folk.

The really redoubtable force of Sovietism lies, paradoxically enough, in the fiery idealism of its materialist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy. Holding their armies together in the splendid dream of a class rule that has its parallel nowhere else in the world, the Soviets likewise enkindle the admiration of the wage slave in other countries. Whenever the position of the worker rises above the dead level of misery, the charm of Moscow vanishes; wherever that level is reached, the red flag burns. And of course the essence of the attraction is the fact that Lenin made proletariat dictatorship a new "religion," supplanting the faith, hope and aspiration of Christendom. The earnestness and callousness with which the attack upon Christ has been carried on in Russia is now too well known to need comment here. Suffice it to repeat that blasphemous pageants organized by the authorities still enchant crowds on every holiday. More important is the reason why this war against religion could succeed in Russia, and the discovery of a satisfactory method of opposition.

A dozen or more writers familiar with the scene, among the best of whom is Alexander Soltykoff, have now definitely established the truth that the strength of religion in the country of the czars lay not in something like a "native spiritual disposition" on the part of the Russian common people but in the readiness of the higher classes to live the life of the Gospel. Contrary, therefore, to what Dostoievski and other Slavophiles used to tell us about the "new dispensation" that would issue from the moujik, is the clear teaching of history and observation that this moujik is one of the least religious types in the human universe. He was only half extricated from the shackles of barbarism during the centuries when saints and scholars, noble women and monastic foundations, labored together in order to bring the vast regions which surround the steppes under the dominion of the Faith. In many places religious practice meant very little more than a comparatively superstitious adherence to the cult. To a considerable extent the low degree of development to which pedagogical media—reading, schools, conventions—were brought, is responsible for the earthiness of the Russian popular soul.

The proof of this assertion lies in the truth that bolshevism could not have succeeded unless it had appealed to the peasant. Economically the revolution flourished because it made possible the division of the lands; philosophically it met with no resistance because it attacked no convictions that were dearer to the moujik than life itself. Compare the Russian story with what happened in the Vendée or in Brittany during the French Revolution! Still more convincing is the evidence which a number of observers have gathered to show that there exists, at present, a revival of religion in Russia. This shows primarily that the cities —even the suburbs in which workers live—are the hearths upon which the sacred flame is being rekindled. One reads a great deal that stirs the heart—of educated young men whom the prevailing terrible conditions have driven toward God, who have become ascetics and priests, who conduct the liturgy in a spirit of apostolic enthusiasm. They may be few and poor, but they are select and they are there in the midst of darkness. By comparison the Russian rural village is said to be characterized by an utter absence of spiritual energy. The priests are discouraged and listless, the people are reverting to heathenism—with modern perversions and additions.

If this picture be genuine (and one has every reason to credit it) then it seems apparent that the Christian reconquest of Russia, for which one can and must legitimately hope, will resemble in character the original Christian conquest of Russia. A vanguard, missionary in purpose if you will, must be recruited from among the followers of Saint Wladimir and must emulate the example of Russian leaders from time immemorial. To some extent the movement has already begun. It would, of course, affect the whole situation most profoundly if the Russian Church could be reunited with Rome, so that apostolic action might proceed in the consciousness of a central authority. We hope and pray for such reunion. Yet there is grave danger lest this effort to rejoin the churches of the East and the West, faced with so many great difficulties as it is, may not reach its goal for generations. Meanwhile the task of re-Christianizing Russia will have been rendered vastly more burdensome than it happens to be just now.

It seems to us that Catholic Christendom, realizing the significance of Russian orthodoxy, might well in charity aid it to the utmost. After all this orthodox faith is, as things are at present, the only possible antagonist to the religion of bolshevism. And when one has read of the labor and the sacrifice, the poverty and the bravery, which now characterize the men who are reviving, in a measure, the fervor of that faith, one feels that it is a duty incumbent upon us all to give aid, both financial and otherwise. If the United States is hostile to Moscow, then surely it ought to see its way clear to assisting the only force which can win out over Moscow. From the Catholic point of view, one feels that the effort will not be fruitless. It would demonstrate, better than anything else probably, the meaning of love among men; and it would undoubtedly open wide the door to a deeper, more ready understanding of that timeless union in Christ which has been represented immemoriably by the See of Peter.

At all events, the time has come to realize that Russia is not merely a vast field for Soviet activity but verily also a meadow ripe for the harvest of faith. It is like any other unplumbed and spiritually silent country, excepting for the grooves that have been traced in it by centuries of fervent and sacrificial effort. We must not think too freely of the defections and weaknesses of religious Russia, but rather of the work to be done now, under difficulties incomparably great, by men who—however regrettable the results of schism —have retained the Eucharistic core of the Church, and who, even in the darkened present, are conscious of the blessedness of their fathers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

LANDING safely on United States soil, Colonel Lindbergh ended another stirring chapter in the epic of diplomatic aviation. No more heartening ambassador of good-will could be imagined, and one gathers that the results have been amply satisfying. Little Latin Americans, catching in their blue skies a glimpse of a shining plane, must have some of the same feeling which the islanders of long ago had when Columbus unfurled the flag of Spain. Let us hope that the beginning thus made will be followed up with some energy and honesty. It is well to note also that the Lindbergh flight is a beginning in another sense. Dozens of war-time aviators, mere boys some of them, took risks quite as great as his, in the spirit of doing their duty. Many of them did not survive; all but a very few are forgotten. But Lindbergh has proved that aviation, and adventurous service generally, may be just as glamourous in the service of peace and amity as in the prosecution of war. Gusts of welcome and happy laughter have formed a human halo round the Spirit of St. Louis; and the machine which only a few years ago struck terror into the hearts of cities and brave men has now been baptized in the aura of a mission knowing no other purpose than the dissolution of suspicion, hatred and misunderstanding.

ONE'S curiosity is aroused by a paper entitled Retributive Justice in Mexico, contributed by Mr. Adolphe De Castro to the February Reflex. Mr. De Castro is described as an author and a former American consul at Madrid, and the Reflex is designed for Jewish readers who like their literature in Menckenian dress. Both conspire to say in cold print that Calles's destruction of "the meddling priestcraft of the Roman Catholic Church is of interest to the Jews the wide world over"; that the existing persecution is "an act of retributive justice rare in the annals of history"; that the Spanish Inquisition has here proved a boomerang; and that men of Jewish birth have carried out the entire plan. For "now the heads of nearly all Latin-American republics, set to guard the liberties of the people, are of Semitic origin and tradition." Calles is specifically named as having such origin and tradition, and reference is made to the Sephardim antecedents of De la Huerta and Aaron Saenz. Here the author's case seems a bit muddled, because if De la Huerta is actually among the "avenging Jews," there appears to have been a marked lack of mutual understanding inside the ranks. As for Calles, most authorities agree that he is either the son or the grandson of an Armenian peddler, and point to the fact that if he be actually the first his title to the Mexican Presidency is challenged by the constitution of his country.

WITH these and other details which constitute the background for Mr. De Castro's bizarre case, we are not concerned. It is more important to ask what service he was hoping to render his race in publishing such an article, and what welcome he can expect to receive as a consequence from his kindred. If it were really true that the Mexican rampage against the Church had its origin in Jewish remembrance of the Inquisition and lust for vengeance, it would follow that a series of such rampages might be expected in all parts of the world. The realm of the oriental Christian churches and of Mahomet the prophet would have to prepare for the worst. German and Scandinavian Lutheranism ought to erect barricades with all possible haste, and even England might well recall certain happenings of the Elizabethan time. As for modern liberalism and enlightenment, who does not know that Voltaire started an anti-Semitic movement all his own? Thinking the whole matter over, one feels that Mr. De Castro was extremely annoyed by the failure of Mr. Ford to keep on issuing his famous little yellow books and therefore decided to take up the good work where it was left off. It would be interesting, however, to learn just how representative Jewish citizens in this country regard the De Castro version of recent history in unfortunate Mexico.

NOTHING could be more absurd than the suggestion that Secretary Hoover is guilty of an impropriety in retaining his seat in the Cabinet pending the great decision at Kansas City. It is of a piece with the carping campaign, the sniping campaign, that has been carried on against him from the first. If he should resign he would be creating a precedent, and one for which there is no occasion. To be logical, the carpers should condemn every President, including

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson, who retained public office while fighting for delegates to the conventions which held their ultimate destiny in their hands; or, if more exact parallels are asked for, then John Sherman should have resigned from Hayes's Cabinet, Taft from Roosevelt's, Bristow from Grant's, and so on through the list of Cabinet officers who have sought the Presidency. It is true that Blaine did resign from Harrison's Cabinet, but under exceptional circumstances which afford no precedent; he was placing himself in the position of a rival and enemy of his chief, and it would have been impossible for him to remain in the official family of the man he was fighting. This is no such case; if Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover are both satisfied, it is no concern of other people's, and all the precedents go to prove it.

SENATOR WILLIS has done a public service by forcing Secretary Hoover to make a contest in the Ohio primaries. It is one of Mr. Hoover's faults that he is too much disposed to take an Olympian attitude, to appear to have a sublime indifference which all the world knows he does not feel. That was one of his handicaps in the campaign of 1920. He shows to much better advantage when he frankly says, as Mr. Roosevelt did, "My hat is in the ring." As for Mr. Willis's brave announcements that Mr. Hoover will not get many delegates from Ohio, that is mere whistling in a graveyard. Of course he will not, but if he did not make the fight he would not get any, except possibly those from Hamilton County. Mr. Willis's machine has, or has had, all the others tightly sewed up, and if, by coming out in the open and fighting, Mr. Hoover can take only three or four delegates away from the machine it will be just that much of a victory. He will undoubtedly get more; and when the smoke has cleared away there will be after effects. A boss must not only win, but win crushingly, to keep his unquestioned hold on "the boys"; and since Mr. Willis will probably fail to win crushingly, it may prove a sad day for him when he forced a show-down. Win or lose, he will have to reckon hereafter not with Mr. Hoover, but with the two Browns, Mr. Burton, Mr. Longworth and other gentlemen who live not in California but in Ohio.

EDUCATION is always with us, but the red-letter days of the National Catholic Alumni Federation come only once a year. For half a decade, Mr. Edward S. Dore has been laboring with a band of associates to build up this organization and make it a power in American life. At present there is considerable success to look back upon. The record of two annual conventions already held presents a picture of brilliant and instructive addresses, friendly meetings and gradual growth in membership. Some forty colleges have been formally enrolled, and the number of individuals associated with the work remains firm. The next convention, to be held in New York City during the three days following April 20, should testify to further progress. His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, will address the assemblage and act as its patron. The list of other speakers includes Senator Ashurst of Arizona and Mr. Theodore F. McManus of Detroit. Further information regarding the program outlined will be supplied by The Commonweal in forthcoming issues. We also call attention to the card inserted in the advertising section of this number.

THE Federation is young but nevertheless wise enough to realize that it cannot be all things to all men. Apart from the annual meetings productive of so much good, it has made a specific point of stimulating the organization of effective alumni associations for each Catholic college. How much work remains to be done in this field is well known, and the results that may be expected if it is competently done are apparent. No American university has grown great excepting through the enthusiasm and wisdom of its alumni. To impress this fact upon Catholic men and the institutions from which they have graduated is one object of the Federation. To study and arrive at conclusions regarding the methods to be employed is another. So much importance has been attributed to this work by competent educators that the Federation, its officers and present members are strenuously urging college presidents themselves to come and to bring faculty members who are, or could be, placed in charge of alumni work. It follows as a matter of course that if the separate colleges succeed in organizing their graduates, the membership of the Federation itself will become larger and more active. Upon this last possibility in turn a great deal of useful and salutary influence necessarily depends.

ALL interested in the advance of the Catholic press in America will mourn the death of Father Richard H. Tierney, S. J.; all whose hearts beat in sympathy for the persecuted members of the household of the Faith in Mexico will sorrow that a voice which so often expressed their natural indignation has been stilled. With his advent as editor of America in March, 1914, that journal began to attract wide attention and as the years passed that attention was not only augmented but riveted. Few publications of such comparatively short life have been more widely quoted than was America in the first years of Father Tierney's editorship. That its influence today is great is due largely to a brilliant successor but he has had the advantage of building on the foundations laid by Father Tierney. As a member of the Catholic Educational Association and the American Federation of Catholic Societies, his merits were recognized by the chairmanships of important committees; the Catholic Press Association paid part of its debt to him by electing him a vice-president; the Catholic Historical Society placed him at the head of its committee on Catholic interests. Both Pope Benedict XV and the present

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Supreme Pontiff honored him with special briefs, blessing him for his energetic and many-sided work as a Catholic leader. Requiescat in pace!

TWO notable centenaries have occurred this month, for George Meredith, the great novelist, was born on February 12, 1828, and John Hunter on February 13, 1728. Of the former nothing need be said, for he is familiar to all readers of the better type of fiction. But John Hunter, a name known to every man of science, is less familiar to the general public. He was a Scot and after passing through medical studies settled down to the practice of surgery in London, where he attained to great fame not only in that branch but as a comparative anatomist and a teacher. He gathered together an immense collection of anatomical specimens for which he built a private museum. After his death that collection passed to the Royal College of Surgeons, and may be said to be the nucleus of what is one of the greatest anatomical museums in the world, at present under the direction of Sir Arthur Keith. Curiously enough, William Hunter, John's brother and his elder by ten years, also accumulated a great museum in Glasgow where he practised medicine, which Hunterian Museum is the nucleus of the great series of collections in the university of that city. John married a lady named Anne Home, a fact which may be set down here in order to add the information that she was the writer of the song "My mother bids me bind my hair," once familiar in every household on both sides of the Atlantic.

GREAT as was the loss to Villanova College when College Hall was destroyed and the adjoining monastery injured by the recent fire, not even damage to buildings estimated at $2,000,000 will equal the injury resulting from the wiping out of the laboratories. The buildings can be replaced, and to all who know the loyalty of Villanova alumni there is certainty that they soon will be, but it will take many years to collect once more the results of years of research in the engineering field which have been obliterated. Industrial leaders have turned instinctively to Villanova in recent years when confronted by problems of invention which could only be solved by experiment and research. One of the buildings that was wiped out was used as a special laboratory for the study of the design and construction of airplane motors. Another structure that was destroyed was the pre-medical school laboratory, where many interesting and valuable experiments in bacteriology have been made. The Order of Saint Augustine, which has given many inventors to the world, has the deep sympathy of all who have appreciated the preëminence of Villanova as a technical as well as a cultural centre, in these days of desolation.

A MORE than usually savory recollection of Christmas (and incidentally of the Prayer-Book controversy) is to be found in sundry remarks written for the New Leader by a gentleman who insists upon calling himself "Yaffle." "It is very sad," he says, "to see an enlightened Protestant people like the English still celebrating the Catholic festival of Christmas and still indulging in the purely pagan custom of the yuletide feast." His mood grows still gloomier during the course of the following remarks: "I have been looking through the statistics compiled by a joint committee of the S. P. H. T. B. (Society for Promoting Higher Thought among Blastfurnacemen) and the South Wales branch of the L. E. P. L. M. (League for Encouraging Purer Living among Miners) and I find that in one village of only 1,000 inhabitants no less than 2s. 9d. was spent last Christmas on paper decorations, and that, in addition to 157 penny toys, the presents to children included five sixpenny aeroplanes and three dying pigs. It is further stated that in places where the miners were working full time many of them had meat for dinner. Clearly a custom which encourages such unwonted extravagance must be stopped. So long as workers can look forward to having meat and toys on at least one day in the year, we shall never be able to engender in their minds that complete forgetfulness of food and money which is necessary if Britain is to hold her own in commerce." The Honorable Yaffle concludes by saying: "And now, since recently we found that to many members of Parliament it is more important to preserve the English Church from Catholic ritual than to give the English people enough to eat, the House of Commons might be persuaded to abolish Christmas, since Christmas was, after all, originally a Mass, and might easily be interpreted as a Popish plot against the thrift and sobriety of the working class."

NOW that there is so much discussion of Latin America, it will be useful to recall that no better or more fascinating introduction to the life lived by a great many of our neighbors to the south could be found than W. H. Hudson's The Purple Land. Although written in the form of fiction and in the most delightful English, the book was the product of "one who knew" because he had sense enough to learn. Men upward and downward from Theodore Roosevelt as students of Uruguay and the environs have praised this singularly virtuous volume in glowing terms; and it remains practically the only treatment of the theme by an Englishman which the Latin mind has clasped fondly to its bosom. Hudson had the unusual merit of being able to realize the reasonableness of a form of civilization not at all his own. His pictures of the gaucho and the revolutionary win assent by reason of their candor, poetry and truth to human nature, so that they pave the way pleasurably toward more studious and statistical commentators—Mozans and the rest. A new edition of the book, included in the Everyman's Library series published by E. P. Dutton and Company, brings a masterpiece within the reach of all in a form worthy of the content.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CUBA INSTRUCTS MEXICO

ON FEBRUARY 24, in the National Theatre of Havana, in the presence of the head of the state, Dr. Gerado Machado, and the chief representative of the Church, Archbishop Manuel Ruizy Rodriguez, with many of the delegates to the Pan-American Conference attending, Cubans of every class celebrated with appropriate ceremonies the Grito de Baire—the anniversary of their declaration of independence. Thirty-three years ago, at Baire, a small town in the vicinity of Santiago, public proclamation was made of the freedom of Cuba from Spanish rule. When the Cubans took the field, it was a distinguished son of Havana, José Julian Marti, who was named major-general of the patriot forces. This apostle of the independence, as he is popularly known, had been playwright, novelist, educator and editor before giving himself altogether to the work of arousing sentiment in the United States and other countries in favor of a free Cuba. When the defiance was made at Baire he hastened to join the patriots in the field, but he was not destined to lead them very long. Landing with Maximo Gomez at Sabana la Mar, near Baracoa, on April 10, 1895, he was killed in a skirmish with the Spanish troops on May 19, treacherous guides having led his little force into an ambush.

Church dignitaries and Catholic delegates to the Havana Conference readily joined in the tribute to this champion of freedom. He was a revolutionist whose record was unstained by murder, whose appeals on behalf of his country were noble and inspiring. All men may honor him while his countrymen applaud his name.

It is a significant fact that at the very time these honors are being paid to his memory in the city of his birth, the leading newspaper of Havana is obliged to call attention to the contrast furnished by those in authority in Mexico who are disgracing the name of liberty by the most startling crimes. A few days before the celebration in the National Theatre, the Diario de la Marina took the outside three columns of its first page to reproduce the correspondence between George Bernard Shaw and the editor of The Commonweal which appeared in our issue of February 1. In it, our readers will recall, the noted playwright and publicist declared that Mexico owed it to herself to welcome an inqury and report on the religious situation in that country, and recorded his astonishment and disgust that both the British and American press should have been so surprisingly silent on the statement of the Pope in which His Holiness demanded such an inquiry.

The proposal of The Commonweal that an impartial commission be formed to investigate and report on actual conditions in Mexico also is attracting the attention of the Havana press, and has been the subject of informal conversations among many of the delegates to the Pan-American Conference, several of whom have announced their intention of giving the matter serious study with a view to possible action when they are relieved from their present deliberations.

Only in America is there a strange apathy on the part of the organs of public opinion which might be expected to regard the proposal with at least as much interest as they manifested in the suggestion to send such a commission to Roumania. One denominational weekly, the Christian Register, has faced the facts as they are and in giving its deliberate endorsement to the plan for a commission of inquiry into conditions in Mexico, has not hesitated to say that the investigation is at least as urgent as that which it is proposed to hold in regard to Roumania.

Marti, appealing for liberty on behalf of Cuba, had nothing to conceal. He stimulated the most rigid inquiry among those of other countries into the affairs of his native land. Calles, who talks much of what he has done for liberty and the freedom of his countrymen, pursues another course. He has muzzled the correspondents who have sought to record conditions as they have found them, he has issued statements to the world that were as ridiculous as they were false, and in some manner he appears to have stifled criticism in the press of the leading countries of the world.

THE "TWO RELIGIONS" AGAIN

THE disturbing theological controversies of the past five years in England and America, which have reached a new crisis in the recent adverse vote of the Commons on the revised Prayer-Book, have aroused a degree of interest most unusual. In fact, the outstanding feature of the whole episode has been the flood of comment in secular as well as in religious circles that has followed upon the frank admission by the leaders of the Protestant Episcopal Church that there exists in their organization a wide divergence of belief as to the essentials of Christianity. This rift in Episcopalian Christianity has shocked many earnest and devout non-Catholics very sadly. For them it has been a revelation of a theological development new and entirely foreign to their traditional ideas.

Yet this quarrel is not a new one. The existence of two essentially diverse schools of thought within the Anglican movement has been a constant factor from the beginning. At different times it has had different names and manifestations. In the early days, there was the struggle between the conservative followers of the dead Henry VIII and the radical innovators who surrounded his son. Later on it broke out fiercely again, Archbishop Laud heading the traditionalists, and Pym, Hampden and Cromwell leading the Puritan rebels against ecclesiastical authority. The eighteenth century saw a steady decline in religious and theological thought in England. Following the accession of William III, the High Church party went into an eclipse. The scientific discoveries of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries produced a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy powerful and anti-Christian. This in turn evoked a movement in defense of the traditional beliefs of the Anglican Church which gained in power and influence until the Anglican bishops, afraid of the conclusions to which the leaders of the traditional movement had come, crushed it.

This particular phase of the ever-recurring conflict in the Anglican Church, extending from 1835 to 1845, the so-called Oxford Movement, is very interesting to us now. For at that time there was set forth clearly and distinctly the basic problem which has always faced Protestantism in general, and Anglicanism in particular, together with an attempted solution. Newman, looking far ahead, say the inevitable break which must come in his church if its leaders endeavored to meet the problems of a scientific age as self-sufficient individuals rather than as individual propounders of a divine truth embodied in a living organization. He foresaw the controversy which we call today the fundamentalist and modernist controversy. He endeavored to find a solution of the already pressing difficulty, was condemned by his superiors, and sadly turned away from the church of his first love.

Newman's problem of 1845 is the problem which besets Episcopalianism today. He, like the present-day leaders of the "Anglo-Catholic" movement, endeavored to read into the church in which he was born the unity, continuity and authority which he saw must be present in the true Church of Christ if faith is to endure against the attacks of rampant intellectualism. When his church refused to admit that these qualities were her own, in despair, he turned to the Mother of the Churches, living and breathing with her divine vitality, and made his submission. The church which he left, without visible authority, cut adrift from practical contact with the old tradition of Christendom ("a tradition which dealt with details as well as with general points of view") allowing its leaders to believe as they will and to teach as they will, has crashed upon the rocks of disbelief and discord, just as he foretold.

The problem so clearly visualized and so ably expressed by Newman has forced itself upon the minds of thinking Anglicans with ever-increasing insistence since his time, largely as a result of his writings. The endeavor to solve it within the fold of the Anglican communion has brought together the best minds and the noblest souls of the Church of England. The Oxford Movement did not die with Newman's defection, but has grown in influence and power ever since. Whereas the basic idea of a vital, authoritative and inspired teaching magisterium as a necessary postulate conservative of Christ's doctrine, appealed to comparatively few in 1845, the reasonableness of it has come to appeal to a very large minority of the Anglican communion today.

The result has been naturally upsetting to many. On the one hand was the old Protestant tradition based on private judgment and Puritan ideals, holding the places of power and staggering under the blows of modernism. On the other hand was a growing conviction among thousands of clergy and laity that these ideals were a mistake, and that the earlier traditions of authoritative Christianity were correct. Slowly but surely the outward dress and ritual of ancient days has been restored in many places. There have been many parishes where the entire sacramental system has been reintroduced, although generally with a protest from the Protestant element. High Church and Low Church have apparently struggled over "a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony," whereas actually the source of the trouble went much deeper. The real point has been: private judgment and Protestant traditions versus the authoritative voice of a divinely instituted and inspired Church, interpreting the living fonts of revelation, viz., Scripture and Christian tradition.

Newman was forced by the very logic of his position to turn away. The inheritors of his ideals within the Anglican fold have endeavored recently to infuse some of the early fire of Christian practice and belief into the Prayer-Book, hoping that by avoiding an explicit statement of the basic problem some of the good effects of a correct solution might be had, the solution to follow later of necessity. This time they had a warmer and kindlier reception. The problem has become more pressing. It is evidently life or death now. In Newman's day it appeared to be a useless waving of a red flag. The inroads of modernism have frightened the Christians of real discernment. The changes proposed in the Anglican service, particularly those concerning the Blessed Sacrament, though halting and tentative, nevertheless involved a principle. To the amazement of the Protestant majority they were accepted by Convocation.

Then did the bells ring out as of yore. "One after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time.—Bobs and bobs royal, and triple bob-majors, and grandsires—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church." When the clamor was at its highest Parliament met, and the politicians of the empire, the conjointly inspired preservers of Christian tradition, disturbed by the violence of the Protestant opposition, voted down the changes in the Prayer-Book.

The consequence of the whole affair has been an even sharper delineation of the problem. The problem itself still remains unsolved. Confusion is worse confounded. For the element of Erastianism has now forced itself to the fore in its worst and least excusable features. Truly the great leader of the fundamentalists in 1845 saw with inspired clarity whither his church was drifting. The only solution lies today, as then, where he found it—in the Catholic Church.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACE AND PRINCIPLE

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THOUGH the Havana Conference has not been sufficiently emotional to arouse public enthusiasm in any marked way, the press discussion which has attended it does undoubtedly call attention to an act of choice, serious in character and consequences, which the present generation faces in the realm of political action. Shall the relations between nations be ruled by "considerations of interest" or by principle? This query is of course bound up with extremely difficult investigations as to what principle may be. Such investigations have been conducted during many centuries. Broadly speaking, however, synthesis of them into what may be termed a code of international law was not attempted until the development of nationalism in Christian Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries demanded the scrutiny of theologians and jurists. Spain and the Netherlands joined hands in prescribing rules of national conduct and in stating sound theory. But rulers and statesmen, motivated by self-interest and hemmed round by all sorts of practical difficulties, paid little enough attention to Vittoria and Grotius. When the popular cry for peace was raised, therefore, it was frequently guided by purely emotional considerations which instead of advancing the cause of amity actually tended to retard it.

American Catholics did not face the query stated above with much spontaneous or individual enthusiasm. Their ambition being to remain good citizens, they simply followed the drift of general public opinion on subjects such as the machinery proposed for advancing the discussion and arbitration of international disputes, and did not hasten to take a stand of their own. Meanwhile, however, the papal encyclicals and the study of political principles had led some—notably again some of the best—to study the whole subject in a Catholic way. The Catholic Association for International Peace was founded, general and committee meetings were held, and published reports began to direct attention to a wide if almost forgotten world of traditional teaching. None of the reports issued thus far, however, has anything like the scope and significance of the document recently drawn up by leading clerical professors of moral theology and philosophy on "international ethics." This treatise (for it is virtually that) deals with so many topics of prime importance that analysis of it seems imperative.

States, like individuals, are endowed with rights and made subject to precepts by virtue of the moral law. No government is entitled to do wrong, and every sovereign government has a clear claim to be dealt with justly. "The principal rights of states," the report declares, "relate to self-preservation and self-development." These imply "protection of the lives and property of nationals in foreign countries." Here one is brought square up against the problem of intervention, so much a topic for debate at present. No blanket solution is offered. The report distinguishes between diplomatic and armed intervention, holding that the second can often be used as an excuse for aggression and that it is permissible only after all the possibilities of diplomatic action have been exhausted. Intervention of a legitimate sort is both a right and a duty when

> there is grave and long-continued oppression of one state by another, the revolt of a people or a nation against intolerable tyranny, the unsuccessful effort of a state to put down a rebellion which injures national or international welfare, grossly immoral practices, such as cannibalism and human sacrifice under the guise of religion, and continued anarchy in a state that is for the present unable to maintain a tolerably competent government.

Such a "right and duty"—derivative from the mandate of charity—is, needless to remark, exceedingly difficult to realize in practice. A great deal of intervention which has been based on such motives has created evils of its own and tended to arouse nationalistic sentiment of a most volcanic brand. Equally spine-spiked is the form of intervention which grows out of the right to self-preservation:

> Conditions in a foreign territory might be so disturbed, the political authority might be so inadequate and insecure, that sojourners or investors there would have no moral right to call upon their own governments for protection of either life or property. While citizens have in general a valid claim to protection by their government in foreign lands, it is limited by the right of their country and their fellow-citizens not to be exposed to disproportionately grave inconvenience. [And, moreover] the motive of the nation which intervenes must be free from selfishness.

History could throw much light on these recommendations, by recounting instances of unselfish and justified intervention, side by side with examples of quite unjustifiable intervention. And of course one wonders just how far our present activities in Nicaragua can be approved of in the light of these moral specifications.

"Self-determination" is likewise a thorny contemporary problem. No other political goal has, incidentally, affected so many Catholic leaders and peoples. The report bases its discussion of this question on the principle that the "general welfare" is the object of every state.

> National minorities have a right to maintain their language, customs, sense of unity and all their other national characteristics so long as their possession is not clearly and gravely detrimental to the welfare of the majority or of the state as a whole.

In addition it is conceivable that there might be a national group which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might occupy a distinct territory, might have an average capacity for self-government, might have formerly enjoyed political independence and might be in a position to exercise it without violating the rights of the state in which it is now incorporated. Such a group would possess a moral right to separation and self-rule.

In general the rule of charity ought to prevail at least as much between national groups inside a state as between separate states.

Dealing with the basic topic of peace and war, the remarks are particularly pertinent and timely.

> Human brotherhood must be intensively and extensively preached to all groups and classes. It is not enough to declare that "every human being is my neighbor." Men must be reminded that "every human being" includes Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Englishmen, Japanese, Chinese and all other divisions of the human family. This doctrine should be repeated and reiterated. The duties of patriotism must be expounded in a more restrained and balanced way than that prevailing heretofore. Men must be taught that it is not "sweet and becoming to die for one's country" if one's country is fighting for that which is unjust. Without denying or weakening the sentiment of national patriotism, we can set forth that wider and higher patriotism which takes in all the peoples of the earth. . . . Instead of laying stress upon the lawfulness of engaging in a war for self-defense, we should clearly, fully and frequently set forth the conditions which are required according to the principles of morality.

What are these conditions? The report vigorously denies the allegation that all use of armed force by a nation is immoral. But a war is just only when the following two assumptions are in force:

> First, a sovereign authority—not a private person or group, nor a subordinate political division—possesses this right. Second, equally obvious is a right intention; even though engaged in justifiable warfare, a state should not include wrongful ends among its objectives.

Next there remain the conditions which must surround the declaration and carrying out of war. Regarding these it is best to quote the careful language of the report:

> 1. A state may make war only to safeguard its rights, actually violated or in certain or imminent danger. Hence, a war is not morally justified which aims at extending national territory, enhancing national power and prestige, promoting an international "balance of power" or forestalling some hypothetical or merely probable menace. Utterly inadequate are the formulations "the good of the community," "public peace," "necessity," and similar general terms, which can be and have been used as pretexts for unnecessary wars. Moreover, legitimate defense of rights implies that the aggrieved state is not simultaneously violating the rights of the state against which it contemplates war.
>
> 2. The violation of national rights must appear to the aggrieved state as morally certain. No degree of probability, nor even a great preponderance of probability is sufficient. "A declaration of war is equivalent to a sentence of death; to pronounce the latter with a doubtful conscience is murder."
>
> 3. Neither actual violation of national rights nor moral certainty about it, nor both combined, are sufficient to make war lawfuly moral. War, particularly in modern times, inflicts so many, so various and such enormous injuries upon innocent and guilty alike, that it cannot be justified except by very grave reasons, by the gravest known to human society.
>
> 4. Even though all three of the foregoing conditions are fulfilled, a declaration of war is not justified. Recourse to war is not justified until all peaceful methods have been tried and found inadequate. The principal pacific means are: direct negotiation, diplomatic pressure of various kinds, such as trade embargoes, boycotts and rupture of normal international intercourse, and mediation and arbitration. If all these fail, the committee adds, quoting the words of the 1920 pastoral letter of the American hierarchy, "the calm deliberate judgment of the people rather than the aims of the ambitious few should decide whether war is the only solution."
>
> 5. A government should have solid reasons, proportionate to the evil alternative of defeat, for expecting victory.

In the matter of constructive work in behalf of peace, the report holds it a "duty" to weigh and support such means as are proposed for "preventing war and making peace secure." Here the general goal is to substitute moral right "for the material force of arms in the reciprocal dealings of nations," and the aggregate intention of the machinery is to develop "the noble and peaceful institution of arbitration." All sincere lovers of peace must consider all these things "sympathetically and adequately, and, in the light of that examination, support any of them that wins our approval." For "unless we strive for peace by specific and practical methods, all our peaceful professions are empty and futile."

This report, constituting the most ambitious attempt yet made in the United States to express a code of international ethics in terms of the present day, is obviously not set forth as compelling acceptance. It is, however, developed in a spirit of reverence for Catholic tradition and out of a consciousness that America must respond to the repeated invitations of the Holy See to promote the betterment of international relations. Every citizen ought, therefore, to give it as much earnest attention as he can, and to convince himself of the imperative necessity for giving its findings a wide popular hearing. Other reports are to follow. When they are all ready and gathered together, they will constitute an outline of an unusually authoritative and appealing character. The words "War and Peace," which Tolstoi once inscribed on the title-page of a novel, are now written in letters of awesome import over the actual living of us all; and it is they which will determine whether our children's children, dwelling of necessity in the circumstances we create for them, will find themselves still possessors of civilization—or, indeed, whether they shall live at all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FARM PROBLEM

By ROBERT STEWART

OUR forefathers came to this country to obtain freedom to worship God as their conscience dictated and to escape the rigorous economic pressure of life in the old world. They created homes for themselves and as their children attained manhood they, too, carved farms for themselves out of the wilderness.

The early American farm was a self-sufficing unit. The farmer produced all his own food, fuel and wool for his clothing. He purchased only salt for his table and powder and lead for his rifle. He was not concerned with the problem of a farm surplus nor with interest returns on invested capital, and taxes on farm land were non-existent.

A benevolent government gave freely of its land holdings to all who applied. Any citizen could obtain farm land for a nominal price without any consideration being given regarding the qualifications of the settler as a farmer. This land policy created an orgy of land speculation in America which has never been equaled elsewhere in the history of the world. As desirable public land became unavailable, private land was valued and purchased on a speculative basis without regard to its income value. Land was thus not regarded as a factor of economic production and as a result many farms are over-capitalized and must bear an excessive interest load.

The land policy of the government also brought much marginal land under cultivation which is not suitable for agricultural use. Swamp lands in the East and South and alkali lands in the far West can be converted into farm land only at high cost for soil improvement. The Kankakee marsh in Illinois and Indiana, for example, was drained and devoted to crop production. Much of it is now a desert waste where the drifting sands sing the requiem of the vanishing wild life of the region. As farm land it is a dismal failure, and the few farmers who located there are eking out a precarious life.

The government also established irrigation projects for irrigating desert lands in the far West without regard to the suitability of the land for farming. The first one established, the Newlands project in Nevada, was designed to irrigate 330,000 acres of land. Much of the land was valueless for farming and only 60,000 acres have actually been reclaimed. Many farmers who were located on the poor land have been in serious distress on these projects.

The free land policy of the government also brought under cultivation much hill land in the eastern part of the United States which should never have been broken by the plow. Its thin mantle of soil was soon depleted of its plant food and is now producing only meagre crops, which are without profit to the producer but which, when added to the total surplus of crops, reduce the price received by the efficient farmer.

The developments in industry during the past 200 years are significant in connection with the farm problem. Prior to 1719 manufacturing, like farming today, was an individual matter and largely a part-time business. In that year in Derbyshire, England, an institution was established out of which the modern factory has evolved with its quantity production and low costs of production. The change did not take place smoothly and without painful consequence to the individual producer. The evolution was a slow one and real distress was suffered by those who were forced to change their methods of livelihood. In the United States the factory system has been further perfected. Industry has developed along the lines of the corporate form, as this is the most effective way of securing capital, management and efficient labor. The importance of the individual has been eliminated to a very great extent and he is now merely a cog in a gigantic wheel.

Capital has been obtained in industry by the sale of shares and bonds. Efficient management has been obtained because the larger, well-financed group has been able to pay large enough salaries to attract the best brains of the country. Organized industry has been able to solve its labor problems by direct dealings with organized labor. Consolidation of small industrial units into larger groups has been, and is, the order of the day.

The changes which have taken place in industry definitely separated the home from the factory, brought in outside capital, introduced the labor problem and created the demand for profits. The efficient methods introduced called for mass production which led to the need for a sales organization, all of which must be supervised by a central management which understood raw material, labor production, sales overhead, costs, and at the same time could command the confidence of capital.

While all these changes have been taking place in industry the farm home and the farm plant are still one. Since the farmer's business is an unorganized, individual one, he has been unable to secure capital by issue of shares or bonds. His capital is limited. He is at the same time owner, capitalist, laborer and manager. The farm, in sharp contrast to industry, is still an individual matter and a part-time job.

The development of modern industry caused the concentration of people in large cities. The people in the city must be fed and the food produced on the farm must be brought to the city. The transportation and distribution of farm products introduce factors of which the farmer of a generation ago did not dream. Equi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

table freight rates, methods of packing and shipping farm products, are now fundamental problems.

The city markets are organized, financed and informed as to market conditions. The individual farmer cannot bargain successfully for the sale of the produce from the farm. He is handicapped by lack of market information. And, being poorly financed, he is often forced to sell his produce at the most inopportune time, i. e., just as soon as the crop is produced; and since many farmers are in like circumstances, the market is glutted and the price falls. The organized agencies for food distribution are always ready to take full advantage of the farmer's predicament. The farmer therefore thinks the agencies for the distribution of food products are gigantic, unscrupulous monsters riding roughshod alike on the shoulders of the farmer and the consumer.

The cost of converting the farm products into the food products of the city is high. A few years ago someone circulated the superstition that since middlemen got 50 percent of the consumer's dollar the farmer was robbed, as he secured only one-half the price paid by the ultimate consumer. More recently the "toll" exacted by the rapacious middlemen has been placed at 65 percent of the consumer's dollar. Statements of this kind, of course, serve only to inflame the mind of the farmer against those who are supposed to be robbing him.

The consumer himself is a vitally concerned person as to the division of his dollar. He would like to retain a portion himself and is therefore interested in getting his food as cheaply as is consistent with a good product and efficient service. This complete ignoring of the consumer is one of the difficulties confronting the farmer. The consumer is frequently the key to the situation. The farmer must learn what the consumer wants and how he wants it, and then make his plans to fill those needs.

In the second place, the work performed by the many middlemen in getting the farm products to the city and converting them into food products is a distinct service and entitled to a fair compensation. The consumer does not want the farmer's wheat; he has no use for such a product. The consumer eats bread. To convert wheat on the farm into bread on the consumer's table costs money. A bushel of wheat may be sold by a Kansas farmer for $.64, which is only 57 percent of the price paid by the consumer, but the other services represented in the processing and marketing of the wheat are as important as its production. The transportation and milling of wheat are expensive services, and both are necessary before the wheat on the farm can be used as flour in the city. The costs of food distribution are high. But economy will come in the elimination of waste all along the line of distribution.

Farmers are attempting to do this by means of cooperative marketing. In this way they hope to obtain some of the benefits that industry has so successfully secured by means of corporate organization. The most successful farmers' coöperative marketing organization is the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which was organized for the marketing of citrus fruits.

Special problems confronted this Association: the commodities were highly perishable; they were consumed largely thousands of miles from the point of production and several months after harvesting. Methods of picking, packing, storing, transportation and marketing had to be developed. These problems have been solved to the mutual advantage of producer and consumer by the utmost use of the agencies of distribution and by the elimination of waste at every step on the way to the market.

The costs for freight and retailing are over 50 percent of the value of the entire product while the grower receives only 26.7 percent. The grower now makes money because waste is eliminated and the entire product is sold.

The general public should have a clear conception of the problems confronting the farmer in the marketing of his product. A sympathetic view of the difficulties before the farmer in creating a sales organization will do much to assist him in creating a better feeling.

The increased cost of state and county government has placed an excessive burden upon the farmer in the form of taxes. Farm land is taxed without respect to its earning capacity. There was a time when the general property tax was the most equitable method of taxation. But it is now an antiquated and unfair system. Most of the taxes obtained from farmers are spent for good roads and better schools. In some districts over 90 percent of farm taxes are spent in this way. It is essential that we have good roads. Good roads are no longer matters of local importance only. The automobile has made the question one of state and national concern. The burden for the construction and maintenance of roads should be carried entirely by the state and nation and the farmer's land relieved of this excessive load. In many states this has been done in a large measure.

In the early days of our national life education was purely a personal matter. If one wanted to educate his children he hired a teacher or tutor. Later the public school was set up and attendance made compulsory. Recently the school age has been increased and the course of study prescribed by law for the rural school. Education is no longer a personal or purely local matter. Local districts should, therefore, not be forced to maintain schools which are entirely beyond their capacity to do so. Rural communities should be given equal opportunity for good schools but not at the expense of confiscation of farm property. If "taxes are to be levied in proportion to benefit derived or in proportion to ability to pay" then farm property is paying an unfair proportion for schools and good roads.

In 1913 farm taxes took about one-tenth of all farm receipts, less other expenses, while in 1921 they were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about one-third of all net farm receipts. A study of 155 farms in Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin in 1913 showed that the farmer's income, including owner's labor, profit, interest on capital and taxes, amounted to $1,147 per farm. Taxes took $112 per farm or 9.8 percent of the gross income. In 1921 on these same farms the gross income was $771 per farm. Taxes now took $253 per farm, or 33 percent! Farm taxes cannot be shifted to the consumer of farm products as can those of the manufacturer. The tax problem must be adjusted before the farm problem can be solved. It is, of course, not the whole thing but it is a fundamental issue.

According to the census returns of 1920, there were 33,064,737 males over ten years of age in gainful occupations. Around 30 percent of this number, or 9,869,030 workers, were employed in agriculture and they received only 13.8 percent of the national income. Nearly one-third of those engaged in gainful occupations were employed in agricultural pursuits, yet they received only 13.8 percent of the national income! The 9,869,030 workers engaged in agricultural pursuits in 1920 received $13,000,000,000 or $1,320 each per year. In order to have the opportunity to do this it was necessary for them to invest $78,000,000,000 in land and equipment on which they received no interest return whatever. Yet they had to pay taxes on this unproductive investment of $797,000,000! Or another way of looking at the matter is this: they received slightly less than 2 percent interest on their investment in land and equipment; they paid $797,000,000 in taxes and received nothing for their labor.

There were approximately the same number of workers employed in manufacture as in agriculture. The 9,000,000 workers in manufacturing received also $13,000,000,000 or approximately the same yearly wage as those engaged in agriculture. But the workers in the manufacturing industry had no capital investments and therefore paid no capital taxes. The worker in industry is a worker only, while the farmer is both a worker and a capitalist. The worker in manufacturing secured as much for his labor alone as did the farmer for his labor and capital. The farmer must "throw in" his equipment, land and capital in order to secure as large a portion of the national income as the laborer alone in manufacture in the city secures.

There are many farmers, however, who have been plugging away during the entire period of deflation and have been eminently successful and have obtained good returns. John Scott of Gilby, North Dakota, is such a farmer. He started in farming in the Red River Valley of North Dakota in 1879. He was $3,000 in debt due to failure in another business. His original 160 acres has been slowly increased to 1,200 acres. During the entire period, 1920-1925, when the complaint was loudest among the farmers of North Dakota, Scott made a nice profit on his farming operations except one year, when the crop was lost by hail. In 1922, the most trying year in North Dakota, he made an appreciable profit. In 1923 his total income had reached the amount of $6,000.

He has been enabled to do this work by paying careful attention to the economic factors of production and particularly to the management of his business. He has planned and carefully adhered to a definite system of soil improvement, whereby he obtains large yields per acre. At a recent conference in the Red River Valley to determine the cost of producing wheat the consensus of opinion among the farmers there was that eleven bushels of wheat per acre was a good average yield for the district. John Scott's average yield was twenty-two bushels per acre! No government agency on earth can do anything for the farmer who produces only eleven bushels of wheat per acre. He must change his system of farming as John Scott has done, or go out of business.

In Dallas County, Iowa, in the heart of the corn belt where the complaint is now loudest from the farmer-politicians, Charles R. Benton has farmed for forty-five years. During the twenty-five years from 1900 to 1924 he kept accurate records of his business. He has farmed 5,000 acres of land. He hired all labor including his foreman. His land was originally valued at $60 per acre, or the investment in land was $300,000. During the entire period of twenty-five years he has made good money. He has paid all costs including labor and management and secured a fair return on his investment. During the first five-year period he paid all expenses and secured a return of 10.75 percent on his investment of $300,000! During the second five-year period he paid all expenses and secured 10.92 percent on his investment of $375,000, as the land was now valued at $75 per acre. During the third five-year period the land had increased in value to $125, yet he paid all expenses and made 4.95 percent out of an investment of $625,000. During the fourth five-year period the land was valued at $200 per acre or exactly $1,000,000; yet he paid all expenses and made 6.89 percent on the investment. During the fifth five-year period deflation in land values occurred: the land was now valued at $175 per acre, yet he met all expenses and paid 3.58 percent on his investment of $875,000. If profits were figured on the basis of the original investment of $60 per acre, the business would show an average return of 13.65 percent! This is not an isolated case or exceptional land. Hundreds of thousands of farmers all over the United States are doing equally well, though perhaps not on as large a scale.

Agriculture is a very complex industry. During the past few years it has been beset with many difficulties. In a few instances, undoubtedly, help may be extended by government agencies, particularly in the adjustment of unfair taxes and in the promotion of coöperative marketing. By the adoption of definite land policies whereby marginal land may be removed from production, the government may help the situation materially. But the only agency on earth that can fundamentally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assist the farmer in bettering his condition is the farmer himself.

The farmer today is an individual trying to do business in an organized state of society where all other lines of human endeavor deal in groups. While in the aggregate agriculture is the biggest single industry in the United States, yet it is not welded together as a whole as are other lines of industry. It is composed of 6,500,000 small units. Many of these units are so small that they cannot produce efficiently. They cannot secure capital, management or efficient power machinery to produce crops economically in this day of industrial effort.

Agriculture is just now passing through a period of marked change. Just what direction this change is going to take is not quite clear at this time. But in the light of the evolution through which industry has passed during the past 200 years it would seem safe to predict that the change now taking place in agriculture will be along the lines of larger units of production and more industrialized production by the greater use of power machinery. Undoubtedly the changes now taking place in agriculture have caused much distress and many farmers have failed, just as distress and failure occurred in the early days of the industrial revolution. But out of the difficulties now confronting this industry, agriculture will emerge, largely by its own efforts, as one of our most successful, permanent and lucrative industries, in which there will be just as great a reward for the intelligent use of capital, management and labor as it is now possible to obtain in any other major line of industry.

PARADOX AND PROPHECY

II. HEIRS OF THE PROMISES

By C. C. MARTINDALE

(The following is the second of two papers written for The Commonweal by the Reverend C. C. Martindale, S. J. Father Martindale, an Englishman, is one of the foremost Catholic apologists writing in Europe today.—The Editors.)

WHEN I mention the third Wound from which Christ's Body appears to me to be bleeding itself white, I do so with full consciousness that I may be misunderstood. I preface my remarks, then, by saying that I am deplorably patriotic, that I am half English and half Scot, with a very, very distant drop or two of French (and I believe one of Russian! aha!) to perturb my British complacency. I believe my poor fellow-countrymen have some good qualities, and I am all, in a word, for patriotism. But I will insist that Christ is suffering horribly from nationalism. Say what you will, Saint Paul kept insisting, for his part, that "in Christ" there existed no more Greek and barbarian, Jew and Gentile. A Frenchman once wrote to me sadly: "Have you even once read a pamphlet pointing out the good qualities of nations not your own?" I am not sure that I have. Silly worships in place of equally silly phobias, of course I have. "J'adore les anglais." "I'm only at home in Paris." Leave all that. But I am quite sure that those Catholics, even, who feel that they have the best of historical rights to feel sore with such and such a nation, must make the sacrifice involved in never saying anything that may arouse hate or contempt for that nation.

I remember arriving in Poland, desperately tired after a long, hot railway journey, blind with sleepiness, howling for coffee, only to be kept standing up nearly an hour, listening to a harangue against Prussia, Austria and Russia. From a priest, too. I even remember once being so foolish as to faint. I recovered my senses in a taxi, shepherded by a young miner, who was inveighing against the English. "Hi!" whispered I, "I'm one myself!" "You can't be," he retorted, "because you're all right. You have the English voice, but that's not your fault. God bless you." And to the end he wouldn't believe I was. More seriously—the least knowledge of the world, that is, of human people, will convince you that few treacheries to the Catholic cause can be worse than that which makes the Faith appear the perquisite of a social or political or national group. "Am I a bourgeois, that I should go to Mass?" "I am a royalist, so of course I am a clerical." "I become a Catholic? turn Slovene?" Who has not heard this, or the equivalent, said? I repeat, even what may be legitimate in the way of expression of national feeling has again and again to be sacrificed, I have no doubt at all, by a Catholic, lest he belie the universality of the Res Catholica.

And let no one mention "love for the sinner, while you hate and condemn only the sin." Does that work out in the concrete? Who that dislikes a sinner is not ready to be twice as hard on his sin, as on the sin of one whom he likes? Who can easily denounce a sin without seeming at least to denounce the next sinner of that sin whom he may meet, without making him feel he shall be "larned to be a toad"? When unmistakable duty forces us to denounce this or that, we have to do it with agony in our heart, with all but unconquerable reluctance, lest our words arouse anger or hate among men whom, as Christians, we have to love, and whom we ought to love as Christ loved, that is, wholeheartedly and with warmest affection. If we feel we cannot do that, we ought, quite simply, to pray until we can. If we love only those who love us, speak well

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only of those who speak well of us, are we better than the pagans? Even the pagans do that.

The Fourth Wound that gapes before our eyes in many lands is the schism between clergy and laity. This is very often due to what I have mentioned—where the link between Church and state was such as to make a priest or bishop appear but the paid functionary of the government—a civil servant. I am not decrying a link between Church and state: I am regretting one such that the mass of men identified ecclesiastics with government officials. Shake, then, the throne, and the altar trembles. Moreover, the clergy always tend to be in a difficult position. Trent has judged that the seminary system is, in the circumstances, the best. Grant this, and also that most good things have their attendant drawbacks or dangers—arsenic; imagination. A seminarian can ask his seminary to teach him correct dogmatic and moral theology. It does so, and (save for accidents—extreme poverty, bad material, etc.) can do so well. But it does not profess to teach a lad a "general culture," nor yet any knowledge of human nature, for that knowledge comes in no imaginable way save that of direct experience. But few indeed of our young seminarists have had, or need acquire, profound experience, have ever been, or will ever be, absolutely desperate—up against it absolutely. Mediocre as may be their examination record, they are sure of roof, clothes and food. On going out to work even the youngest curate is, in a sense, "over" the laity, not among and of them. He must teach from the pulpit, judge in the confessional. God help him! When will his heart be broken? It may never be. Yet will any but a heart somehow broken suffice for a priest? How else be Christ-like? How else not risk being, at times, a trifle of a bully or an academician, or but technically "father"? I suffer with and for, and yet I envy, those priests whom I know in Austria, Germany, France, Hungary, even (thank God) England, who are as poor as the poorest. Picture life on a salary of forty dollars a year! That is what many a French priest can look to his bishop for. In England, often scarce forty pounds. (And only today I have been stating that a young man cannot live "properly" at Oxford under a minimum of 250 pounds.)

Worst of all paradoxes—money! How you need it, and what harm it does. When my friends, in their kindness, offer me a somewhat "anointed" meal, what wouldn't I give for the price of it, and some bread and cheese instead! Have I not a hundred places where I should bestow the shillings, and see tears come into exhausted eyes? I suppose I would like two things—a clergy with money to spend, and a laity justifiably certain that the cleric would not spend a penny beyond the necessary on himself. I loved a sentence I heard in France, spoken in a wholly Communist area: "N'y a que le curé qui s'occupe de nous!" But the conditions of that priest were such that his sheer survival did more to prove the existence of a Providence than ever logic could. Mysterious privilege of the clergy, to be servants of slaves! admirable prerogative, to be "above" in order to be ministers! When such is a clergy, the schism is healed. No more will be heard of "injured priestly dignity"; such dignity is wholly above hurt. Sublime was the Good Shepherd most when tattered by the thorns from which He rescued the silly sheep, when bruised by the precipice down which He scrambled to discover it. Because the boy never goes to Mass, because the girl is scum, because the man seems rotten, our great High Priest Who was "tested at all points just as we are," who "learnt by what He suffered," seeks for them "until He finds them," renewing ever the parables of the Lost Coin, Lost Sheep, Lost Son. And "enough for the servant (that is, for us poor human priests) if he be where his Master is."

I venture to urge that the Wound in the Heart, from which Christ's Blood flows unredemptively, is due to too many of us substituting the technique of the thing, if you see what I mean, for the thing itself. I mean, it is possible for faith to turn into the recitation of the orthodox formula; the aspiration toward holiness into a minimum ethic, when a man tends to feel that all is well if he be technically not "in mortal sin," and forgets that a Christian's wish must be to please Christ: when, once more, prayer turns into saying prayers, and prayers become very nearly incantation. Thank God for our formulas! Thank God for our rules of life and if along of them we keep out of sin. And thank God for the humblest habit of "saying prayers." But it is possible to see what can be tolerated in the case of the ignorant being recommended to the average. And that simply summons disaster. I believe that we have suffered much because we have preached Christianity as attractive, as reasonable in th worldly sense and even as profitable. We have tried to decorate it. The riches of our churches are lovely in God's eyes if they imply the genuine offer (and anonymity, carefully guarded, is a good test of genuineness) of our best, in the line of color, form, melody, to God. I lack heart about them if they sink to being ways of hooking people into church; I loathe them if they are sacrifices to some human reputation. I know that "loving one's enemy" can, as a command, be made to seem equivalent to decently-bred politeness; but as a counsel, whither does it not reach? only, how often are we advised that counsels are imposed on no one! I know that doctrines like grace, and our incorporation with Christ, and practically everything that concerns the Holy Spirit, are often spoken of as "too high" for the ordinary ears, and—well, sum it up by recalling that an interest in Saint John's Apocalypse is almost normally quoted as a mark of incipient insanity! At once, let me repeat that the change within our generation has been marvelous. I suppose that never in the Church's history have so many Catholic books upon Saint Paul been poured forth. From all sides, from Ireland, Belgium, the United States, evidence comes, almost weekly, of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new and profound interest in the liturgy which will affect, how richly, the chanting of office by nuns throughout the world, and its recitation by priests, and will turn what is confessedly too often but routine into real prayer. The White Harvest, edited by Reverend John A. O'Brien, is a book which will be read all over the English-speaking world, and no page in it could have been written save by men who dedicate to God's service and their neighbors' the intensest zeal, and yet understand that nothing but the Holy Spirit does the work within their work.

I have written these few pages partly because I was asked to: but I gladly made the effort because for the last two or three months I have felt preoccupied with the frightful problem of our own losses. I know nothing of percentages in this department in the United States, nor is that my business. In England, I know that the drain-off from below is appalling, and that what looks like cream turns out, often enough, to be scum. One has to look for reasons and remedies for this. Some of the reasons are at present quite out of our control—for example, no imaginable effort on the part of the clergy could cope with the scattered Catholics lost in our churchless, schoolless, pagan countryside, nor indeed with the submerged, or floating, shifting city population. But I hold it for certain that so far as the laity goes, the fault is not with the poor, but with the rich—the relatively rich, and the leisured. We shall soon be celebrating the anniversary of our emancipation. I thank Good for it, and I beg His pardon for the use we have too often made of it.

I repeat that Catholic families, loyal for centuries during persecution, dropped off from the Faith the moment they found freedom. I observe that many to whom no doors are any more closed socially, prefer those portals to the gates of the church, and to the thresholds of the poor. I fear I shall be called Puritan, if not Pharisee—kill-joy, Jansenist even; still, I repeat what I had to say again and again during the months when it was my duty to preach the Pope's "message to young men"—until we make to soak into the very fibre of the souls of our young men and girls a strong infusion of poverty, chastity and obedience, we shall have flimsy stuff. The Pope asked for character, and he asked for work. Wealth does not breed character, though character may have accounted for the accumulation of wealth. Wealth, on the whole, rots character because (for one reason) the wealthy seldom need to try. They have the dangerous asset, power. Power, that is, in what scarcely matters and does not last, but what is appetizing, and it includes position. Until we are sure that we regard neither material possession nor material position as the slightest reason for offering a personal esteem, we have to relearn our Christianity.

In England, I am told, an Italian writer has lately registered (he said that to return to Italy was like going back into a monastery) that there is an outbreak of self-indulgence unparalleled in extent and intensity. I am not very good at parallels and refrain from making any. There certainly is an amount of self-indulgence that must be bad for human nature, even, and absolute death to Christian ideals. But I think that this is largely due just to boredom, and boredom to not knowing what can be done, and that this ignorance is due largely to our bringing the young up to be personally good (we may hope) but leaving almost quite to one side the truth that talents must be used—that privileges imply duties, and that Christ herded off the goats entirely on the basis that they had done nothing for Him in His disguise of the hungry, the thirsty, the cold, the lonely, the criminal, the alien. Done nothing, not "paid others to do it." Unless, indeed, the alms bit deep, and the sacrifice had something of Calvary about it.

I hold then that we are good, but that we might be better. I hold that there are many reasons why we are no better; and I hold that if we do not improve, those reasons will no longer stand us in good stead at the Judgment, now that we have observed them. Here then is the place for that self-criticism which, I have sometimes felt, Catholics are almost too fond of using. We sometimes seem to snarl, snap and scratch. But let me beware lest I seem to do likewise! I am sure that criticism without real affection is sterile save of harm. Any criticism of that which so much as clothes the eternal thing (as do all our human efforts on behalf of our supernatural faith) is fairly small, and spiritual fault is always great. "You don't go to hell," says the Bulgarian proverb, "to light a cigarette!" Personally, I think I see so world-wide a contemporary Catholic movement toward precisely a deeper sort of instruction; toward humble, unpatronizing service of Christ in His poor; toward a far better thought-out, firmer based amity between nations, and peace; toward a better balanced coöperation between clergy and laity; toward, in fine, a profounder realization of all that is strictly supernatural in our Catholic birthright, that it cannot but be due to the action of that Third Person in the Most Blessed Trinity whose work is to "heal what is wounded." So even these paragraphs have been not criticism so much as indications of certain spheres where I think I see the Holy Ghost at work, a work in which we may, in which we must, play our part.

Finally, as Catholics, we are heirs of the promises, and better than that, for we possess the present reality. We are "in Christ," and Christ is "in us." Therefore, to conclude with those words of Saint Paul which follow our previous quotation:

"Therefore play we not the coward; but even though our outward man be being worn away, yet from day to day our inner self is being renewed; for the trivial anguish of the moment works out for us overwhelmingly, overwhelmingly, an eternal weight of glory; for we look not on things visible, but on things unseen. For but an hour the visible endureth: the Unseen is Eternal."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COTTON MATHER, BOOKKEEPER FOR GOD

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

GOD is worshiped in a variety of attitudes. The pale Carmelite lies prostrate in her cell; the peasant in the field kisses his hands at the tinkle of the Angelus; the martyr kneels with pinioned wrists outstretched to the lion. Beholding that busy Congregationalist clergyman, Cotton Mather, at the end of a vista of 200 years, we see him in an uncommon attitude of devotion, high on a stool before a ledger. It is a rather businesslike pose for a Puritan divine; yet because he regarded religion as a spiritual enterprise, a gigantic industry humming to the beat of angel wings, Mather was indeed Bookkeeper for God. He posted his life under two entries—assets, or the spiritual goods he could possess by conquest of those three tempters, the world, the flesh and the devil, and liabilities, or the obligations he felt he owed God. As pastor of the North Church in Boston from 1685 to 1728 Mather was the most duty-laden and self-disciplined man in all New England.

Cotton Mather discovered that spiritual conquest of his world meant first ministering to a nettle-rash of family troubles. Continual illness gave a permanent smell of boiling herbs and medicine to his walls. One cruel December his wife Abigail lay at rest and four of his children were imprisoned with scarlet fever and smallpox. He buried three wives and thirteen children. Death was the beggar forever at his doorstep, pleading in the name of Christian resignation for the lives of dear ones. He met illness and death as the enemies of his spirit and only prayed for spiritual stirrups to ride them down. In darkest night he saw the pure white hand of God. He refers to his third wife as passing through "stormy latitude." This is his benign interpretation of a black horror—insanity. His forbearance saved the venom-brained woman from an asylum.

Upon the decease of his first wife, a vexing temptation came to Mather in the form of a presumptuous female cavalier who begged his heart in marriage. She declared her soul could not subsist without oxygen from his. But Mather was alert to the craft of this wicked worldling and dismissed all correspondence. The wayward Increase, Mather's most beloved son, gave his father varied opportunity to accumulate values in heaven. The idling mate on any ship that sailed from Boston harbor for adventurous lands, Increase returned intermittently with a slovenly reputation for loose behavior. Gossip pointed at the minister's son but the father turned this shame of his declining years to spiritual account by redeeming prayer and fasting.

For Cotton Mather to exercise virtue in his own small, domestic world was simple compared to the task of chastening his soul in the fires of public opinion. Denunciation rose around him for intruding, with horn-book and Bible, on the illiterate, godless exile of backwoods families, for licensing witchcraft "to uphold the waning power of the clergy." But the loudest clamor struggled up from diseased throats in the Boston epidemic of smallpox in 1721. Early in life Mather had studied medicine. He also wrote the Angel of Bethesda, a reliable compendium of Puritan-century medicine. Somewhere he had read that inoculation was practised successfully among Arabians. With hundreds in Boston groaning their way to death he begged doctors to inoculate. In the face of town-crying opposition, Doctor Zabdiel Boylston was the only doctor courageous enough to transplant the germ. When Mather inoculated his own son the people called him a murderer. To give the soft answer to calumniators, to counsel the community dutifully, was but scoring another asset in his heavenly account.

It would seem that the scarlet sins of the flesh would never annoy the disciplined soul of Cotton Mather. Yet he felt they assailed him stubbornly. He sought first to conquer his thoughts. They must be pure and piously receptive. He must subdue those violent thoughts he confessed to—blasphemy, suicide and scepticism. To the orthodox Mather, physical pain was the piper's pay for luxuries of the flesh. When his jaw ached he concluded he must have erred by "sinful, graceless and excessive eating. . . ."

Mather burrowed among his sins to find the besetting one of his state of life, and pride turned up. Warned by his illustrious father, the Reverend Increase Mather, that pride was the official sin of young ministers, Mather the younger soon found himself in continual combat with that strutting sin. Mothers lifted their babies above the heads of the congregation to have them behold the eloquent preacher; dying penitents gave their last breath to his praise; even the chastised Indians of King Philip's War had an admiring grunt for Cotton Mather. It was tight lacing of the spirit for him to cast himself on his study floor and bewail his unworthiness before the Lord.

Today no one expects actually to meet the devil in his red satin tights and engage in combat. But when witchcraft desecrated the landscape with ugly old women dangling by their thumbs, the devil was supposed to be "a small black man" who gathered confederates in a "hellish rendezvous." Mather believed the devil was a horrible changeling who empowered the blood-dipped and choking fingers of a Mercy Short and the smashing fist of the Godwin daughter. As the devil was not to be outwitted by violence, Mather attempted to subdue him with a quieting hand. He labored, not so much for his own deliverance as for the fiend-cursed members of his flock. After declaring that evil spirits with attendant suites of dragons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kelpies, wraiths and spunkies were superstitious vapor, Mather administered to Mary Godwin, a victim of demoniac frothing at the mouth and contortions. He was not the religious fanatic bubbling Scripture over the girl, but he took her to his own quiet home, graded her diet and gave her wholesome subjects to dwell upon. If Mather was stuck just as fast in the mud of superstition and witchcraft as his neighbors, he was wisely informed as to the sanitarium method of cure. So this Bookkeeper for God recorded the assets of his spiritual account.

To Cotton Mather, God stood on some heavenly dock throwing out the life-lines of prayer to creatures below. He must show God he was eager to catch at his line, to check up on his first liability, prayer. His prayers were mostly "illapses," "afflatuses" and "irradiations," so defined in his diary. He entered a state of "illapse," or complete absorption with the Paraclete, when he prayed that his speech impediment might be corrected to enable him better to guide his fold. An "afflatus," or elevation of soul accompanying revelation, enclosed him while waiting in the garden for his first bride. He thanked God for revealing such a good woman to him. Again, when he prayed that England might be spiritually enlightened by revolution, he was lifted into an "irradiation" or envelopment in celestial light.

Mather tagged simple actions with prayer—when he wound his watch, when he knocked at a door, when he stirred the fire. His ejaculations spouted from odd analogy. He prayed that a tall man "might have high attainments," that a lame man "might walk uprightly," that a negro "might have his soul made white. . . ."

Preaching was made the second liability. As a preacher he brought a great sack of learning into the pulpit with him. He studied the Bible in its original full-flavored language and so gave fresh bloom to every verse. His sermons were not mere week-end packets of miscellaneous Sabbath thoughts, but lengthy discourses expanding in circuitous introductions and thick-coming illustrations. However chill with Latin quotations, on occasion they could descend with tender warmth as upon the head of the malefactor about to be executed.

In preparing sermons the precise Mather was ceremonious. With note-book before him, he rehearsed tone and gesture on his knees to prepare himself with humility to enter the pulpit, God's mystic umbrella under which he stood in the shower of heavenly blessings. To overcome his speech defect he had to halt his tongue from galloping over syllables. Gradually the exaggerated edge wore off and a beautiful deliberateness made him the great preacher of his day.

The true minister must be not only prayerful and a power in the pulpit but a model among men. Cotton Mather paid his third debt to God by sowing the hardy seeds of good example. His charity touched the debtor in prison, the murderer crouching in fear of the long rope, the salty pirate with fierce teeth, the incendiary, the scold, the negro slave and the persecuted Indian. He taught resignation by a single act. He allowed himself just a limited few minutes to hold his wife's hand before she expired. After that time, to seal his resignation to her death, he would not permit himself to touch her. Again at the death-bed he set an example of self-improvement when he asked his wife what particular fault she had noted in him. Mather labored most to spread the word of God by example of direct apostleship. At tea or a birthday party he would insert some solid remark that an attentive guest might pick from the froth of table chatter; and on Monday mornings he summoned housewives from their wash tubs to meet in a "concert of prayer" for the propagation of Christianity.

In the pulpit Mather saw hundreds of faces turned toward him, but closing his eyes, he saw also rude settlers in shacks in the wilderness, too spent with the laborious swing of the pioneer's ax to attend service. He would send God to them in a pamphlet and so, deeming writing his fourth debt to God, he tacked the first sail to the bulky literary craft that was to cruise along a sea of ink. Mather wrote large volumes of history and biography and chap-books of occasional essays. The Magnalia, a bountiful harvest of religious thought, is a standard set of seven books comprising history, religious controversy, apologetics and church doctrine. Lumbering quotation impedes an otherwise gracefully-stepping style. The Advice from the Watch-Tower, a work reviewing current customs, with its "black list" indexing evil doings, is curiously similar to the "white list" of today. Mather's contribution to biography is a life of the great John Eliot, apostle to the Indians. Personal essays are addressed to soldiers, traders, fishermen, old men, lazy men and busy men. Essays to Do Good influenced Benjamin Franklin in the way of virtue. La Fé del Christiano was Mather's greeting to the newly colonized Spanish Indies and An Epistle to the Christian Indians was written in Indian.

Cotton Mather died February 13, 1728, after sixty-five years of strenuous bookkeeping for God.

In Obitum

This, then, being the end, as it is meet
The end should be: an ebb, a clock that's ticked
Itelf to silence; strict as death is strict;
All incompletions solved and made complete,
Bequeathing nothing but the bitter-sweet
Conclusion to a dream turned derelict
On the high seas of wonder (seas that tricked
Us with mirage, too marvelous and fleet)

This, then, being the end, the need for spoken
Words is likewise ended. So is, indeed,
The fable of all hopes. For what was token
Of love (or what it is for which men bleed)
Is now a drowned design, a banner broken—
And pride, like death, is an immutable creed.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SENATE EX CATHEDRA

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE framers of the constitution, and even those who have tinkered with it subsequently, have been strangely negligent in the matter of providing an official interpreter for political tradition. Thus it comes about that the people of the United States have no official agency charged specifically with the duty of telling them whether it is right or wrong for them to believe that no President should continue in office more than two terms. Fortunately, however, the Senate of the United States has decided the question, and the people may now go back to the movies in peace.

This pronouncement by the Senate came in the form of the adoption of the resolution offered by Senator LaFollette, which reads:

"Resolved that in the opinion of the Senate, the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

The foregoing was the result of four successive days of senatorial labor, reminiscent in many respects of the circumstances surrounding the birth of a certain famous mouse. It should be noted that the LaFollette resolution is not, and does not purport to be, anything more than a mere expression of opinion on the part of the Senate. And, since nowhere in the constitution is the Senate charged with the duty of expressing opinions, a seemingly valid argument might be made to support the theory that the adoption of the resolution is not action by the Senate at all, but merely a record of the individual opinions of Senators. It was not an attempt to enact a law and if it had been, would have been obviously unconstitutional. It was not in the form of a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution. To speak bluntly and accurately, it was politics.

The background of this particular manifestation of politics is nothing more nor less than a fear that President Coolidge has not been entirely eliminated as a possible candidate for the Presidency in the 1928 election.

If the introduction and adoption of the resolution was not intended to be an obstacle in the way of a possible Coolidge candidacy, then it was utterly meaningless in addition to being legally futile. To what other contingency could it have referred? There is only one living ex-President, now comfortably ensconced in the position of Chief Justice of the United States and by no stretch of the imagination a potential candidate for the Presidency. Moreover, Chief Justice Taft has served only one term as President. The resolution could not have referred to him. None of the horde of potential candidates has ever been President, so the resolution could not have been aimed at any of them. It would be gratuitously insulting to assume that even the greatest deliberative body in the world would spend four entire days debating something that was absolutely meaningless. Hence the conclusion is inescapable that the LaFollette resolution was intended to apply to Mr. Coolidge.

If the action of its proponents in adopting the resolution may not be taken as conclusive evidence of the truth of this deduction, there is the testimony of its opponents. Senators who opposed the resolution consumed many hours in citations of evidence designed to prove that neither Washington nor any other of the early Presidents ever expressed specific opposition to the proposition of a President serving more than two terms. But, admitting that there is a rather well-grounded tradition to the effect that two terms is enough for any President, these opponents of the resolution devoted almost equal time to attempts to prove that President Colidge would not be violating the anti-third-term tradition if he should again be a candidate for the Presidency. Here the inference is even more direct, if possible, than in the case of those who favored the resolution. For what possible difference could it make whether President Coolidge would be violating the tradition if he runs again, if these Senators were convinced that there is no possibility that he will run again? In passing, it should be noted that among the most active in opposition to the LaFollette resolution was Senator Fess of Ohio. Ever since the famous "I do not choose" statement came forth from the Black Hills last August, Senator Fess has been predicting that Mr. Coolidge would be drafted to head his party's ticket this year. The Senator has not changed his opinion, though he has abated his volubility on the subject since the conference at the White House during which the President expressed displeasure at the Senator's insistence that Mr. Coolidge would be drafted.

Moreover, in the original draft of the LaFollette resolution there was a second paragraph which read:

"Resolved that the Senate commends the observance of this precedent by the President."

This was the object of particular attack by the opposition, some of whom interpreted it as calling the President's good faith into question. Finally it was eliminated by Senator LaFollette himself, who said that he had intended it as nothing more than an expression of praise for what he interpreted to be Mr. Coolidge's announced adherence to the anti-third-term tradition. Senator LaFollette said, however, that the statements made by close political and personal friends of the President during the debate in the Senate had convinced him that the expression of commendation should be eliminated.

If Presidents of the United States, like Senators from Illinois and Pennsylvania, were elected by the people subject to confirmation by the Senate there might, perhaps, be some justification for the performance. But Presidents are elected by the people, albeit through a cumbersome and obsolete machinery, and the only reason why no President has ever been elected more than twice is because the people have not chosen to elect him more frequently. Possibly Washington and Jefferson might have had third terms had they desired them, or Lincoln, if he had lived. But the only Presidents who ever sought to serve for more than eight years—Grant and Roosevelt—were defeated, the one by the national convention of his own party and the other by the people in the general election. The people seem to have been able to express their own opinion on the anti-third-term tradition, but possibly it will be gratifying to have that opinion ratified by the Senate.

Grace before Teaching

Make wide the gateways of my heart,
Both warm and wide the secret place
Where faery wisdom dwells apart
And beauty hides her shining face.
Let laughter creep into my day
And understanding pace it through.
Small pilgrims let me bring, that they
May learn, Great Teacher, much of You.

ELSPETH GIVENS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPANISH LOAN EXHIBIT

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

IN AN age when the masterpieces of literature and art are subjected to reversals of judgment by the critics and even by the public at large, it is significant that the classic Spanish tradition in painting appeals with undiminished force to the modern world. The Spanish loan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum impresses the visitor by its essential modernity rather than as the output of the supposedly isolated and armored genius of old Spain.

There are good reasons for this accord of a late-coming and early-departing school of painting with the most recent traditions of the kaleidoscopic studios of Paris or Rome. Spain, despite the strong bent of the national character toward mysticism, possessed not only the mystic's strong common sense but the worldly bias that delights in kings. Art in Spain was born in a court, and the courtly has always a touch of the universal and impersonal—which, in Velasquez's paintings, for instance, require nothing of the spectator but admiration.

In this exhibition he is represented by that splendid portrait of his youth, the Isabella of Bourbon, loaned by Max Epstein, of which a replica is in the Vienna Museum; and the brilliantly painted Man with the Wine Glass, also belonging to his early period. To the last years of his life is attributed the Portrait of a Girl, a striking contrast in its naturalism to his little princesses of a formal court. Perhaps eclipsing all of them is his own self-portrait, of masterly simplicity and dignity.

Philip II's court painters must have been as haughty as courtiers and as sure of their genealogy, to preserve the detachment so noticeable in Velasquez, and the individuality of treatment which distinguishes the work of his great contemporary El Greco. This Greek, steeped in the tradition of Venice, understood the aloof and noble spirit of old Spain quite as well as Velasquez, though his greater originality of vision led him to seek repose through excess of motion, and the dignities of life in its dramatic revelations.

Only El Greco could have painted an Adoration of the Shepherds so full of swirling, joyous action about the Child. In his Agony in the Garden his technique is so freed from the conventions of his time that it is quite in accord with the standards of the French contemporary schools of painting in perspective and daring use of color. But the spirit of El Greco's religious paintings is quite beyond imitation by this rather faithless generation of the studio, almost violently alive as it is with aspiration toward an unseen world. The Saint Dominic before the Crucifix, and the Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Saint Dominic furnish notable examples of El Greco's sincerity and power as a religious painter. The colorful, large Christ Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple indicates that the artist's predilection for ashy tints and before-the-storm light might have been, perhaps, an acquired taste revealing the influence of the barren plateaus of Spain and of the sombre side of the national character.

Thirteen of his paintings have been loaned for this exhibition. Two unknown portraits—heads of men—reveal his supremacy as a depictor of character, which received its fullest illustration in the magnificent Burial of the Count D'Orgaz. Whatever the causes of his curious elongation of the human face and figure, this slight exaggeration but adds to his genius that touch of magic which resides in an emphasis not carried to the point of the grotesque.

Murillo is the one painter represented on whom of late years the critics have pounced, finding especially objectionable the saccharine quality of his Madonnas and Immaculate Conceptions—one of which, The Immaculate Conception with a Mirror, is in this collection. But two beautiful and important canvases also shown, Young Saint Thomas of Villaneuva Distributing His Garments, and Saint Diego of Alcala Surprised by his Superior, prove that Murillo was sometimes very direct and sincere in his treatment of religious themes. His skill as a portrait painter is beyond question, no other proof of his mastery of this art being needed than the brilliant depiction of Don Andres de Andrade, one of the gems of the exhibition, recently acquired by the Museum.

Ribera and Zurbaran are both well represented, Ribera's Astronomer and the Portrait of a Musician revealing his powers at their height; while Zurbaran's rich color and use of chiaroscuro are beautifully shown in his Portrait of a Girl, and in the Daughters of the Artist Juan de Roelas. His large canvas of the Flight into Egypt, full of homely charm, delights the eye with its rich pigments. Contemporary Spanish artists of minor importance are represented by one or two paintings each, including a Holy Family, by Alonso Cano, and a Hagar and Ishmael, by Francisco Collantes, which has a dramatic landscape background suggestive in its feeling of Ruysdael.

This year being the centenary of the death of Goya, it is fitting and fortunate that so many of his paintings (twenty-two in all) are on view in this exhibition—a transcript, indeed, of his entire career as a painter of the fading gallantries of eighteenth-century Spain, its bull-fights, its grandees stiffened with their memories, its ladies forever masked and therefore forever beautiful. Mocking and sceptical as Goya was, he knew the value of a decaying aristocracy to an artist—lace collar or numbed soul. He knew his day and its sunset, and loved both.

Among those who have loaned their paintings to the exhibition are Thomas Fortune Ryan, Michael Freidsam, Mrs. Edwin Bayer, Martin Ryerson, Harrison Williams, J. Pierpont Morgan, George Blumenthal and Arthur and Alice Sachs. It will remain open until April 1.

SIGNOR GATTI-CASAZZA'S search for novelties to enrich the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House is indefatigable, and this at least is to be commended. It is doubtful, however, whether in his whole career as generalissimo of the Broadway house of song he ever presented a work quite so feeble as his latest novelty, Franco Alfano's Madonna Imperia. The only virtue of this work is that it is in one act and lasts not quite fifty minutes; yet on it the Metropolitan lavished its best, including the admirable Signor Serafin as its conductor. The opera is founded on the first tale in Balzac's Contes Drolatiques, and this is sufficient to explain the morality of the libretto. A composer such as Ravel might have made it bearable, but Alfano's music is heavy, lacking in humor, and utterly unoriginal. Miss Maria Mueller was not at her best in the title rôle, for admirable artist thought she is, she is incurably Germanic for a distinctly Latin part. Mr. Jagel was as good as could have been expected as the page, but the best impersonations were those of Mr. Pinza as the chancellor, and of Mr. Bada in a bit at the very end. In short Donna Imperia is utterly unimportant.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The absence of Mr. R. Dana Skinner is responsible for the suspension of the theatrical page in this issue. Mr. Skinner will resume his dramatic criticisms next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—By way of reply to Mr. John M. Gibbons who, in The Commonweal of January 25, takes exception to my remarks, I wish to say that, as a contributor to Commonweal Communications seeking merely to broaden discussion on a live topic, I claim to be no more authoritative in my statements than I presume Mr. Gibbons to be in his.

Mr. Gibbons professes that he has arrived at his opinion, which is the wet side of the liquor question, by statistics. I wish I could make the task so simple. If one were to pick out the statistics that back up a particular way of thinking and exclude all others that would weaken this conviction, then statistics are of no avail. There are many statistics on the liquor question and when we offset one stack by another of seemingly reputable figures, there is nothing left to be guided by but our own personal observations and findings. In such a case statistics are not disregarded, but weighed and found contradictory and, therefore, not entirely satisfactory or conclusive.

Statistics have sometimes a peculiar way of seeming to prove and yet not proving. Let us take the figures of Mr. Gibbons concerning Allegheny County, a relatively small area, to investigate upon a national question. He quotes Mr. Shirk, whom he terms as "probably the most careful investigator and statistician dealing with the subject of prohibition and its results in the country," as his authority for the statement that there were more arrests for drunkenness in 1924, a prohibition year, than in 1914, a pre-prohibition year. Without putting the figures to a severe test, it is necessary to qualify them in order to secure a just comparison: Allegheny County is a large industrial county and is growing faster than the nation at large, and increases its population in ten years sufficiently to make the implied comparison such that we cannot draw the same conclusion as the quoted figures indicate. Also, we should not fail to state what is well known, mostly by personal observation, that, prior to prohibition, drunkenness was not a cause for arrest, for it was in a way tolerated by our acceptance of the licensed saloon, and unless the unfortunate, or "common drunk," engaged in a quarrel or became liable to arrest under "disorderly conduct," he was not molested. If arrest took place, disorderly conduct was often the only charge and this charge would include a large number of offenses which in a very particular way should have been charged to drunkenness. I can remember when the trolley cars were used generally by the homebound drunken man, and it was not unfashionable to assist a wayward one to find his home.

Mr. Gibbons overlooks the fact that personal observations can sum up a wide range of personal experience and happenings and need not be confined to observations on certain persons. When he reflects, perhaps he will agree that he is asking too much of me to single out semi-miraculous cures wrought by prohibition in personal cases of excess and destitution due to drink and expose them even to an "open-minded committee," so that they might pass judgment thereon and report their findings to readers of The Commonweal.

Mr. Gibbons asks how many regulated saloons have been closed which have not been offset by unregulated places where liquor is still sold. Here is another instance in which statistics fail to give us an answer, and personal observation and experience must furnish any conclusion. I believe we can offset unregulated places where liquor is still sold by the unregulated places that flourished when the saloon was a factor.

Neither can we base a comparison of liquor consumed at two different periods by the mere number of dispensaries. On a busy Saturday, a well-located saloon, with experienced bartenders at a well-equipped bar, might dispense as much liquor as a dozen unlicensed places in a whole week.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

A CATHOLIC PRESS NEEDED

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

TO the Editor:—From way down in the Lone Star state comes a letter from Father F. X. Gagnon, O. M. I., which touched me. The letter concerned A Catholic Press, which I heartily advocate. We do need, as he suggests, a daily Catholic press, and we do need it urgently. If I am in order, let me suggest that The Commonweal consider the advisability of planning to fill that need. Under the very able leadership of its editor, The Commonweal has stepped out in front as a Catholic weekly, and its success, already partly attained, will continue to grow. At the opportune time it might readily prepare the way, then launch itself as a semi-weekly, and in due time as a daily. This of course, as we all know, will take time and mature preparation. It would please me to hear some discussion on this, and if the suggestion has enough merit, I would like to see a planned outline of this idea written up in a forthcoming issue of The Commonweal by some practical journalist.

There is a note of loneliness in the letter from Father Gagnon, a note which, like good music, strikes a responsive chord in me. Living and working in a city like Philadelphia, with its spiritual luxury, makes one forget at times how much the daily contact with others of our faith cheers us. Even though we work within a few feet of several Catholics, and have this contact, and see all of the Catholic churches of our city crowded at all of the Masses, one grows thoughtful of those not so fortunate. It takes more than we have at times to overcome the feeling of pessimism which drags and drags at our souls due to the signs of the times. We, who are fortunate enough to live in Philadelphia, quickly lose this pessimism when we make an early visit to Saint John the Evangelist's on Thirteenth Street, or old Saint Joseph's in Willings Alley, or any of our churches in the business district, and see fine, upstanding men and women in large numbers attending daily Mass and receiving Holy Communion. Similarly, one may find in all of our parish churches many who daily attend the Holy Sacrifice, and daily receive their King in Holy Communion. During Lent when Saint Joseph's has Mass at 12:05, noon, it is nothing unusual to see as many as twenty young men and women, fasting until that late hour, receiving Holy Communion. At such times as these, when without inconvenience or discomfort we are able to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament daily, let us ask Him to share the joy, courage and faith we receive with those in fields afar, who are not so fortunate.

Cheer up, Father Gagnon, and may God bless you! Remember that he from whom you received the name Francis Xavier lived amid idolatry and open antagonism, and died alone in exile in the presence of one or two of his catechists; and he, as you know, died a saint of God.

SEAN SHEAGREEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICIANS AND HONESTY

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—As the time draws near for the assembling of the political conventions, it is disgusting to the average citizen to see the presidential aspirants donning their political masks and hiding themselves behind the smoke-screen of equivocation and ambiguity. Each candidate attempts to appear in the rôle of being all things to all men. I say that this is disgusting to the average citizen, but after all has the average citizen any right to be disgusted—to complain—if politicians in general assume the masses to be nothing more than a group of morons? Are not politicians keen observers of human nature, and have they not discerned the fact that they have successfully blown hot and cold in the same breath before? Are they not logical in assuming that what they have done successfully before they can do with equal success again?

Parties and platforms today mean little or nothing. In fact they mean so little that over one-half of the electorate apparently wants nothing to do with either. Is it not true that parties write their political platforms in such a fashion that it takes a political trickster to stand and walk upon it without putting his foot, not in it, but through it? For an honest man —a man intellectually honest with himself and the people—to square his principles and convictions with the jelly-like substance formulated by the powers that be is well-nigh an impossible task.

We as a nation are alarmed over the fact that less than one-half of the total number of possible voters go to the polls on election day. Schemes of various kinds are formed for the purpose of impressing upon the voters the civic duty which is theirs in the matter of electing their public officials. If organizations were formed and schemes hatched which would impress upon the politicians the necessity of being honest with themselves and their constituents, there would be no need of dragooning the voter on election day.

Nothing is more nauseating than to observe at this time the wringing wet suddenly becoming moist—the moist dry, and the dry a bleached fanatic.

Millions of voters do not vote because they have no time to go about the country in search of that type of person who Shakespeare said existed in the ratio of one to ten thousand.

JAMES F. DESMOND.

A COMMISSION FOR MEXICO

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—At a lecture given by the Reverend Kieran P. Moran, C. M., at the Ritz-Carlton in this city, on January 31, some three hundred women voted their hearty approval of the proposition advocated by The Commonweal, that a special commission be formed to investigate conditions in Mexico.

The proposition, as printed in the issue of February 8, impressed these women as being extremely practical, and as affording the only present means of enabling the world to know the truth about the Mexican situation.

We communicate the news of this action to you not only to express our approval of the plan, but also to assure you that we stand ready to assist in every way within our power to bring the design to a successful issue.

MARGARET L. NASH, *President.*
MABEL G. FAHY, *Chairman Lecture Committee.*
MARY P. BAKER, *General Secretary,*
Saint Mary's Society of Catholic Mothers.

BOOKS

History without the Headlines

A History of American Life, edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. Volume I: The First Americans, 1607-1690, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbacker; Volume II: Provincial Society, 1690-1763, by James Truslow Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00 each.

IT IS, of course, blackest heresy not to accept these volumes as being of the utmost interest and the greatest worth. They are admirably written, well edited, and conform to the current fashion of "humanizing" history. They are, moreover, the first of a series which will carry American life right down (or should it be "up"?) to 1927, in which well-qualified historians, including Allan Nevins and Ida M. Tarbell, will set down the record of our common life. The phenomenal success of Mark Sullivan's Our Times and the enthusiastic reception of Charles and Mary Beard's The Rise of American Civilization suggest the existence of a lively popular interest in history without the headlines.

It is arrogance to suggest that a great publishing house and a group of competent editors may be mistaken, but there are certain features in the first two volumes which hint that they may have misread the public taste. In the case of Mark Sullivan's work, popular memory supplied the headlines, while Mr. Sullivan filled in the gaps. Much of the burden of interest, in his case, was carried by the individual's recollection of the subjects which he discussed. The Rise of American Civilization, moreover, did not omit the headlines—merely transposed them. Certain economic events were regarded as being of much greater importance than had been accorded them in the political histories. But political data was not ignored; it was expanded and very largely explained. There is a natural popular impatience with the kings-battles-and-dates style of history—for that imposes a strain on the memory. Actually, the kings and their reigns, and the Presidents and their administrations, form aids to memory, convenient formulae for the grouping of facts. The battles usually decided some question of such importance that people felt like fighting about it. And the dates corresponded to events of national consequence, and avoided confusion of cause and effect. And the effort to go on without kings, battles and dates is somehow inert and unpalatable.

To humanize history is all very well, but not when it omits the vital stuff of history itself. Flesh and blood is necessary for vitality, but so is anatomy, and without the political skeleton which makes history important, these two volumes are flabby and incoherent. They resemble a newspaper from which all but "human interest" stories have been excluded. One gets weary of kittens being rescued from subway tracks, wives who poison their husbands, celebrities who endorse the movies, and fires which destroy skyscrapers. One eventually longs to read the President's message to Congress, the reports from Geneva on the disarmament conference, the dope on the political chances of Hoover and Smith, and the kings-battles-and-dates stuff. People are interested in politics as well as "human interest"; to omit politics from history is Hamlet with dress clothes, but *without the prince of Denmark.*

Now these two books are crammed with just such human interest as is fascinating for ten pages and wearisome after fifty. Time and again they approach some fascinating theme and then shy off to return to the jog-trot of giving a picture of colonial life. For example, Dr. Wertenbacker's observations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the original cause of the English colonization of America are worth more than passing mention:

"England, when she secured a foothold in America . . . was intent on securing one great natural resource—the resource which she herself lacked and which she considered vital to her industrial life. This was wood. Three centuries ago the forests played a rôle in industrial life comparable with that of iron and coal today. For England wood was necessary for three great industries: shipbuilding, smelting and the manufacture of woolens."

But her effort to make the colonists hewers of wood for her industries failed because she failed to take into account "the determining factors in the life of the English colonies . . . the Atlantic Ocean, the character of the coastline from Maine to Florida, the great coastal plain and the Appalachian range." Shipbuilding in New England, tobacco planting in Virginia simply spoiled everything. A new country made new men and new ideas. The Church of England, for all its political grip on the southern colonies, failed to impose the canonical requirements of its faith, on account of factors of distance and convenience—factors which had never arisen in England. However, to come back to the book, Dr. Wertenbacker is on sound ground when he observes that "the outstanding accomplishment of the seventeenth century in American history was the planting of the colonies." From 25,000 in 1640, they increased to 80,000 in 1660, and numbered about 200,000 in 1689.

At this point Dr. Adams takes up the tale. As with his predecessor, he again and again gives a glimpse of what his history might have been if he dared to become political. At one time he says that "Indian trade and Indian peace went hand in hand," showing how the refusal of Albany traders to sell to the Iroquois turned the fur trade to Canada and brought Indian war on the frontier. At another he mentions the Reverend John Wise, whose book, published in 1717, advocated "a non-religious sanction for government and a belief in democracy . . . 'All power is originally in the people,' he also adds, and that the only end of government is to promote 'the good of every man in all his rights, his life, liberty, estate, honor.'" This is important in the light of subsequent events, but it is buried under a heap of other details in a chapter entitled Intellectual Outlook. One cannot forbear quoting at this point the following pregnant passage which is never followed up:

" . . . For a very considerable part of the population conditions must have closely approximated those obtaining today among the first generation of immigrants, such as the 'Polacks' who take up abandoned farms in the East, or others whose standards of living we consider so totally 'un-American.' There was the same fierce and sordid struggle to obtain a foothold so as to secure the means of subsistence, the same squalor and dirt, the same annual addition to the number of children and the same working of women and children at field labor."

Dr. Adams has interesting information on the treatment of immigrants by sea captains, the beginning of the "American language," the myth of New England as puritanical and Virginia as cavalier. He, like Dr. Wertenbacker, throws light all over the stormy and sordid spectacle of a virile race wrestling with a wilderness, with God and with themselves. It is magnificent, but it is not history. It is thorough, but it is not sustaining. When one considers that there is not in existence one single, brief, objective, sanely impartial history of the United States, one considers this twelve-volume history of American life as a work of supererogation.

JOHN CARTER.

The South's Prejudices

The Changing South, by William J. Robertson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

MR. ROBERTSON has given a concise and painstaking review of events prior to, during and following the Civil War, in which he has set a historical, cultural and political background for the formation of the "Solid South," describing past prejudices born of the war and of reconstruction as factors which have shaped and are continuing to shape its present political and religious solidarity. He pays his respects to the hypocrisy of prohibition in strong words and stronger incidents, and places against church influences in the maintenance of that hypocrisy, the present advance in education, art, literature and industry. The final chapter is a speculation into how far the so-called prejudices of the South will affect its support of Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, in the event that he obtains the Democratic nomination for the presidency. Mr. Robertson joins other authorities in the prediction that the South generally will support Governor Smith.

The book is elaborately sympathetic with old southern ideals and customs, but it would probably make a greater impression if certain passages had been eliminated. It stigmatizes the entire body politic for the propaganda of a vocal minority. Mr. Robertson has only to look around in his own and other northern states to see what he condemns in the South. He repeatedly emphasizes the withholding of the franchise from the majority of the Negroes as a political injustice, while admitting that if the figures of Negro population were reversed, the northern whites would probably as effectively exclude the black race from the polls. In several chapters Mr. Robertson labors under the handicap of the distant observer or brief sojourner attempting intimate details of southern life and southern manners. He leans to the modernists in literature while paying deserved tribute to the Americanism of James Branch Cabell and the universality of Corra Harris. The South did not extensively read the novels of Laura Jean Libbey. It had its own Augusta Evans Wilson, whose St. Elmo and other novels were considered polite literature in the last half of the nineteenth century.

The old Ku Klux Klan was dissolved by its leader, General Nathan Bedford Forrest, when it had restored white supremacy to the South, and not by federal law. White men and Negroes do not work together in the trades. Each race has its separate occupations or branches which are not invaded by the other. The consequence is that labor troubles are reduced to a minimum and the workers in both races have a mutual understanding which avoids competition and prevents industrial clashes.

If a man who had lived through the reconstruction period in the South were to explain the present Klan movement there, he would not proclaim it a rejuvenation of the old Klan which the white race considered justified by the orgy of misgovernment after the Civil War. Surviving members of the old Klan have denounced the new, and its initial growth was attributed to the vicious anti-Catholic publications of the late Tom Wilson of Georgia and the circulation through certain fraternal organization channels of weekly papers which live by fomenting religious strife. These publications reinforced the subtle work of highly paid Klan organizers, lecturers and officers profiting from the stupidity of certain classes of the population. An aspect of the Klan's mushroom growth in the South, as well as in the North, which has served further to discredit the organization, is its reduction to the veriest mediocrity of legislative and administrative representation. The refusal of the dominant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party in the South to accept low-grade men coveting places at the public crib resulted in these aspirants turning to the secret organization and to the prohibition forces for their political support. This evil, largely the result of the abandonment of the old-time conventions, which picked the ablest men available for public office, and the substitution of primary elections, has brought congressional representation, state administration and even the judiciary to a low level in more than one commonwealth. Alabama is now engaged in repudiating on every possible occasion its Klan-elected state administration.

Mr. Robertson confuses the religious life of the South with the Klan. While they appear to be related, to one who has lived long in the South they are as distinct as the Republican and Democratic parties. I would substitute for his emphasized "Protestantism" the deeply religious spirit of the South, the ever-present, tolerant spirit in all urban and many rural communities, and ask without prejudice in any detached review of the changing South, what impression this spirit will ultimately make in counteracting the false standards of life and false ideas of the duties and rights of civil government which prevail among a large section of the American people today.

JOHN C. O'CONNELL.

A Wise Scientist

The New Reformation, by Michael Pupin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

DOUBTLESS it was difficult to select a suitable title for such a book as this but it must be admitted that the one which has been chosen does not at all clearly reveal what are its contents nor the kind of interest that readers will find within its pages. The book has a two-fold function, the first and greatest, so far as space goes, being to give an account of the marvelous developments which have taken place in the science of physics especially in recent years. There are, as the author puts it, a series of acts, the first being that in which Copernicus and Kepler, Catholic and Protestant astronomers, set forth the doctrine of heliocentricism which displaced the old idea that our little earth was the centre of all things. Secondly came the knowledge gained from Galileo (we are spared the usual nonsense about this worthy) and Newton as to the movements of the heavenly bodies according to orderly laws—laws revealing the reality of visible matter in motion. Thirdly, Oersted of Copenhagen and Faraday of London gave us the knowledge of electricity in motion, followed, fourthly, by Clerk-Maxwell's electric radiation. The granular structure of electricity, its electrons and protons, and Carnot's thermo-dynamic laws make up the first half-dozen acts to which must be added the seventh, wherein the organic universe on this earth of ours comes to be seen to be a physical structure possessing powers of creative coördination, the highest product of which is man's physical life. But is that the limit? By no means: we must go farther and find man's soul, given to him by God, and by our reason be led "to the belief in God, the fountain-head of all spiritual realities." The highest value of these spiritual realities "is revealed in the longing of the human soul to rescue the life of humanity from a threatening chaos and to transform it into a cosmos, a humanity of simple law and beautiful order, the nearest approach to what we Christians call the kingdom of God." Further "our Christian faith sees in the life and teaching of Christ the highest spiritual reality which our belief in God, the fountain-head of all spiritual realities, planted in the soul of man." From what has been written here it will be gathered that this is a very interesting book and one well

HILAIRE BELLOC
and
G. K. CHESTERTON

are together again as
author-illustrator
in their brilliant new satire

The Haunted House

"IT IS the attitude of suave amusement that contributes greatly to the charm of this book; and the humor, while often hilarious, is never rowdy."—*The New York Evening Post.*

"In 'The Haunted House' these two engaging propagandists for a pre-Reformation England return to the hunt—as one of the characters happily observes, they 'haunt in couples'—of English snobbery. They play havoc with the conventional ghost story, but with less pretense than ever. Behind and beyond this high-spirited and innocent burlesque lurks a riot of savage satire."—*The New York Times.* $2.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

Visit—
New York's Most Beautiful
BOOK SHOP

A collection of books that can scarcely be equalled elsewhere in the world!

Best sellers, popular fiction, thrilling histories, books of travel, autobiographies.

Rare books, first editions, presentation copies, fine old color plate books, superbly bound gift books at astonishingly low prices.

Standard sets in fine old calf bindings. Extra illustrated sets, richly bound.

Autograph letters of celebrities, appropriately framed ready for the walls of your library or sanctum.

Countless other interesting literary objects.

Books for your trip or gifts for friends.

A visit to this treasure-house is a thrilling experience.

Himebaugh & Browne, Inc.
4 East 46th Street *Murray Hill 1149-50*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worthy of study. The poetical strain which runs through it and the obvious enthusiasm of its writer for his subject make it delightful reading though the complete tyro in physics will find parts of it quite stiff reading, particularly that portion which deals with the electric fluxes whose relationship—if any—to the ether—which perhaps the author has abandoned—we do not quite grasp.

He tells us how, in the days of his childhood, his mother used to say, when the sound of the vesper bell filled the Serbian valley where they lived, "Michael, do you not hear God's message which calls you to His altar to praise His everlasting glory?" And the boy, grown to manhood, does not fail to praise that glory in this book. Looking over the names of those selected as the great originators of physical theories it is remarkable how many are those of Catholics: Galvani, Volta, Ampère, Coulomb, Röntgen. And of the others, how many were convinced Christions such as Newton, Kelvin, Clerk-Maxwell, Faraday—all his life a devout member of an obscure sect!

Having said so much in praise of the book one may be allowed two small grumbles. There is no index and there certainly should be one in such a work. And the second and much more serious is the faulty nature of the chapter which deals with pre-Reformation science. No doubt the writer has relied on second-hand authorities, perhaps he could hardly do otherwise. But he is quite wrong in his reading of events, and perhaps one may take the single example of Roger Bacon to whom he alludes several times as a pitiable victim of clerical repression and intolerance "which issued its interdictum against Roger Bacon's new knowledge relating to the physical world, and against his Oxford lectures about it, and later kept him in prison for fourteen years during the closing days of his remarkable life." Now, as a fact, we are in ignorance about a good deal of Roger's life history but what is quite clear is that the prohibition against writing issued by Saint Bonaventure, then provincial, was general to the whole order and, so far from being directed against Roger, was actually intended in the first instance to silence one Gerard of Borgo San Donnino, as the learned writer in the Catholic Encyclopedia points out. Moreover in Roger's case, and in his alone, this prohibition was rescinded by Pope Clement IV, by whose orders the great Franciscan composed and sent to the Holy Father his Opus Majus, Opus Minus and Opus Tertius.

Clement ordered secrecy about the matter probably to prevent grumbling about this single dispensation, and he unfortunately died too early to permit us to know what use he would have made of the works. But that he expressed no disapproval of them seems clear. The story of Roger's imprisonment appears even in such respectable works as the Encyclopaedia Britannica and has not been corrected even in its last volumes, but, as the Catholic Encyclopedia tells us, there is no ancient authority whatever for this story; it is probably as fictitious as Galileo's "E pur si muove," which we are thankful to be spared in this book. The author is right in pointing out that any quarrel today between science and what must be called religion is on the latter side confined to certain Protestant bodies, and that the Catholic Church is not mixed up in it, but I do not think that he will find that modern historians of the science of the middle-ages will agree with his ideas about Wyclif and Huss. If he will excuse the suggestion as coming from the writer of a book, if he will look up the authorities quoted in chapter two of my little book in the Calvert Series, I venture to think that he will find some new light on this extremely important topic.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Typical Anglo-Irishman?

Experiences of a Literary Man, by Stephen Gwynn. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THE author of these reminiscences has been called by A. E. (George Russell) the "Anglo-Irishman par excellence." He opens his bulky volume of recollections by a denial of the Anglican strain, and it would be interesting to discuss with a handful of the Irish of the day whether Gwynn was not more than adequately flattered by the phrase. For if, out of the ruck and defeat of the old Ireland whose structure collapsed in the seventeenth century, there did really arise a new nation, it is a compliment for any man to have it said of him that he represents it well. That Gwynn, however, should see a reproach in the phrase indicates that for him, at least, no new Irish nation has sprung. And since he definitely is not of that old nation dead and buried this three centuries (except for some lingering relics that badly represent it in the mountains and the barren places) one must wonder of what seed in fact was this type of Irishman, fathered and mothered by two nations, not willing to accept the one and apparently not realizing the other. If anyone be the Anglo-Irishman par excellence it seems more likely that that man is A. E. himself.

Stephen Gwynn carries on the story of Ireland where it left off in Liam O'Flaherty's Life of Tim Healy, recently published.

The best part of the career of Tim Healy, till just recently Governor-General of the Irish Free State, was not in fact interrupted by the death of Parnell, though the color ebbed from it slowly after that date—O'Flaherty has little to say about Tim Healy after then, perhaps the records are few, or dull. That period of collapse is the period in which Gwynn fashioned his life, and the texture of the life of the Irish Parliamentary party after Parnell's death is much the same as the texture of Stephen Gwynn's story. Ireland was still their mistress but liberalism was a more effective master, so that the occasion for Healy's famous jibe about another "mistress of the Irish party" was constantly recurring for many a year after. It was hard for Parnell to be nationalistic when he was playing at Anthony in Alexandria, but that he succeeded better than his successors seems to be indicated by the readiness with which the young Ireland of the post-1916 demolished that effete parliamentary structure weary of its pretense at representation. Stephen Gwynn was of that party.

And yet Stephen Gwynn knows a great deal about Ireland: when anyone wishes to prepare a guide-book he is the man chosen to do it. He knows the rivers of Ireland probably better than any other angler in the British Isles: he has, I make no doubt, a story in his head for every big house by the wayside: he knows the good coverts, the poor roads, the lonely lakes, the history of the towns and the castles. He knows but little of the old Gaelic world, however, and it would seem that you cannot be a good Anglo-Irishman unless you are first steeped in that old Ireland that is gone forever into the mists of time. And that he knows many things about contemporary Ireland is most true: he has apt things to say about it:

"So far as concerns the purchase of books we are a nation of abstainers with a few drunkards: but the bookworm in Ireland is almost invariably an amasser of old books. There was never a harder country for a literary man to make his living out of, and the trait follows our people to America, where they are comparatively well off and furnish their houses with everything except books."

Through his volumes run scores of famous names, and a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great deal of not over-interesting gossip and comment about them. It is an easy-going, rambling book to be taken up with a pipe of a winter night by anyone who loves to go over old days once again. There is good humor in it as there always is in Gwynn, and the flavor of old wine hangs around many a page. But, on the other hand, some of it is musty. His heated defense of Stephen Phillips, for instance, will bring a smile to many faces, and will send some back to that most rhetorical of poets who was in his day acclaimed by many of the even still more sadly uncritical as a man as great as Shakespeare. Thus do old glories die and we read of them with a sad curling of the lip at the passage and the power of time. Gwynn still believes in Stephen Phillips but it may be that it is his loyalty to his period that flavors his vintage for us and makes of his book a pleasaunce for wanderers wistful for the past.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

Father Gibault's Work

The Capture of Old Vincennes; The Original Narratives of George Rogers Clark and of his opponent, Governor Henry Hamilton, edited by Milo M. Quayle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

"A COUNTRY not worth defending is not worth having." George Rogers Clark, loking toward the immensity of the future, stands squarely on this assertion. Clark at the request of his friend, James Madison, wrote his recollections of the winning of the old Northwest. Posterity, whom Madison had in mind, has heretofore reaped no benefits from this significant and authentic story. But let Dr. Quayle explain: "Clark's spelling and syntax were as original as his military genius—few persons have ever possessed the determination and interest to read the memoir through." It is an incalculable service that Dr. Quayle has rendered, in giving this modest, unvarnished tale to the world, in easy, modern English, yet retaining the quaint flavor of the original manuscript.

Clark was a soldier of fortune by profession and preference; he was also a judge of human nature. He made war and wrote about it a decade later, with a strong sense of the dramatic. There is nothing more inspiring in the history of our country than this march on Vincennes in the dreary cold of a mid-west February, through those sullen, icy rivers, "whose waters were out." Arrived perilously across the drowned country, in sound of the guns of Fort Sackville, in sight of the clustering French hamlet, Clark, with the strategy that once brought great Birnham Wood to Dunsinane, marched his half-frozen men, their colors displayed on lofty pikes, round and round the hillocks in the plain. And may not the "comical little drummer" be the small hero of that long-ago but excellent novel, The Crossing? Who knows!

The official report of Governor Hamilton is included in this volume. He was not the only "hair-buyer" in American history, but the unfortunate sobriquet has clung to this Englishman, a brave and high-minded soldier, although utterly at a loss among the conditions of a new type of warfare in a new country.

George Rogers Clark in writing of Father Pierre Gibault "had no doubt of his fidelity." From other contemporary sources it is evident that Father Gibault had been zealously working, for some years, toward the final moment of victory. Governor Hamilton might be surprised and a bit chagrined to know that his own bitter words stand forever eulogistic of the great patriot-priest: " . . . Gibault, who had been an active agent for the rebels . . . . This wretch it was who absolved the

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL
630 Riverside Drive, New York City
Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Midddle States and Maryland.

MOUNT SAINT AGNES
MT. WASHINGTON, MD.
Boarding and Day School—Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
HIGH SCHOOL COURSE OF FOUR YEARS
Affiliated with Catholic University of America. Approved and accredited by the Maryland State Department of Education and the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. College Preparatory, General Academic, Commercial Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium, Swimming Pools, Horseback Riding. Private Rooms with or without bath.
JUNIOR HIGH AND PREPARATORY CLASSES
Secretarial School for High School Graduates

GORHAM
Religious Articles of Superior Workmanship and Design
Vestments—Crucifixes—Medals—Plaques—Rosaries—St. Christopher Medals — Altar Appointments — Church Decorations—everything for the humblest chapel as well as for the most elaborate cathedral.
GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York
"The Largest Producers of Sterling Silverware in the World."

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
You're Going South for a Holiday?
A
FLANNEL FELT
CREAM or SILVER
$7.00
—soft, crushable, light-weight—will be correct wear. From Aiken to Rio men will revel in the comfort of these remarkable hats.
Panamas — Sennit Boaters
Foulard and Crepe Ties
Swimming Suits
Soft Shirts
Hosiery
MEN'S HATS AND FURNISHINGS
FIRST FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French inhabitants from their allegiance to the king of Great Britain. To enumerate the vices of the inhabitants would be to give a long catalogue . . . still the most eminently vicious and scandalous was the reverend Monsieur Gibault." Truly—he was the noblest "rebel" of them all!

The Church, through its age-old influence, through its honored servant, gave inestimable help to the American cause. In secular history, this famous march added five great commonwealths to the nation. It is a moving story, simply told. Even in this world of today, it is said that the ghosts of Clark's soldiers wander among the mounds. Be that as it may, Father Gibault's church still cherishes his people, and every spring "in the lowlands the river-flood waters still cover the fields."

MARTHA BAYARD.

Mixed Merits

Social Progress, by Ulysses G. Weatherly. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00.

NEW ideas, a scientific presentation, concentrated doses of wisdom untinged by impractical idealism or a false optimism, make this work an able reference. Each part, and there are five (Conditions, Attitudes, Factors, Pathology, Process and Product) would have provided a volume in itself.

The author advocates "the negative or restrictive side of the eugenic program," because he fears the "multiplication of the unfit." Specifically, he is concerned with the mentally unfit. Now there are some few psychiatrists of recognized standing, who hesitate to take the professor's platform in such sweeping measure. It must be remembered that Mendel, the chromosomes, the hereditary theory in general, have come in for a large share of abuse and misinterpretation. And when the professor talks control, he is driving at heredity not environment. It must be borne in mind that feeble-mindedness is not acquired like chicken-pox. Why deny the mentally subnormal a place in society and the industrial scheme, when before God they have one? And though quantitative and qualitative restrictive control are dear to the professor's heart, why use persistently the terms, breed, breeders, breeding? It smacks of a poultry magazine.

On the other hand, Professor Weatherly scores a point when he states "high-intelligence classes are not reproducing themselves at the same rate as the inferior type." Has not education on a larger scale, corresponding changes in value and a non-differentiation between luxuries and necessities, been responsible for the low percentage and the alibi of the high cost of children? It is not so far-fetched as might be thought, when the statement is made that only the very wealthy or the very poor can afford families. The wealthy disdain them, because it is inconvenient. The poor are assisted by modern hospital facilities and the charity organizations.

It is true that Catholicism teaches the universal brotherhood of man, but is it necessary to seize on this fact, and ascribe to the Catholics "free crossing with the Negro in the new world"? Obviously this is an example where the author gives evidence of his own evironment having influenced him to an appreciable degree.

When all is said and done, Social Progress is not lightweight material. Throughout, there is evidence of the author's socialization and appreciation of the psychotic make-up of the individual, as well as of society. This volume must be taken in slow stages and accepted not as fool proof, but as a basis for evaluation and critical analysis.

ELISE H. LINFERT.

A Noble Record

The Cardinal of Charities: An Appreciation of His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York. New York: Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate.

THE foreword of this volume explains its purpose: "The story contained within these pages appeared originally in the monthly magazine, the Parish Visitor, published by the Sisters of the Parish Visitor community. The subject-matter was compiled principally from addresses delivered on various occasions by his Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, to whom the title the Cardinal of Charities is so fittingly applied." Besides a brief sketch of the cardinal's life, it contains material which shows very clearly how deeply interested in charity in the highest and best sense of that word, the dearness of others to us, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York is. His great archdiocese including both rural and urban sections of New York state on both sides of the Hudson from the Battery northward for some eighty-five miles, with approximately a million and a half of Catholics in over three hundred parishes served by 1,100 priests, represents a characteristic cross-section of the Catholic Church all over the world.

Anyone who seriously wants to know what the Catholic Church stands for can find it by looking round him in the New York Archdiocese. "Documentum si quaeris, circumspice," if you seek the argument of what the Catholic Church is doing in the world just look round you here in New York. No book that I know gives so many-sided a view of Catholic activities under the direction of the Cardinal Archbishop as this does. It leaves the inevitable impression that here is the spirit of Christianity manifesting itself in care for others and forgetfulness of self. The volume is ever so much better than a series of erudite arguments setting forth the claims of the Church to be the enduring representative of Christ on earth.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Mother Taylor's Life

Mother Mary Magdalen Taylor: Foundress of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, by Reverend Francis C. Devas. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

THE life of Mother Mary Magdalen Taylor from the able pen of Francis Devas, S. J., is a book that must prove interesting to any Catholic. It affords us an insight into the struggles of the non-Catholic mind when the first rays of the light of faith strike the soul.

Mary Taylor was the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, and was brought up in the atmosphere of the Oxford Movement. Becoming a nurse in her youth, she was one of those who volunteered to serve the sick and dying in the Crimean War. It was there she joined Florence Nightingale's band of nurses, and there that she found her way into the Church.

In those days little care was taken of the sick and wounded during war time, and the lot of nurses was not an easy one. But the work brought Mary Taylor into contact with some Sisters of Charity. Their purely unselfish works of charity, their patience and sweetness, the dignity of their deportment, could not be lost on such a mind as hers. Every day, too, she had a chance to see Catholics and non-Catholics dying. One thing struck her in their deaths: one set had the faith, whilst the other had not. It was from the dying Catholic Irish soldiers that Mary Taylor learned the lessons of Christianity that her father and her Bible never taught her.

JAMES HEALY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The approach of the seventeenth of March," remarked Doctor Angelicus in retrospective vein, "stirs many memories to life. The honor day of Saint Patrick comes to us all the more resplendent amid the darkness of the penitential season of Lent. It is the halfway house to the joys of the Celtic Eastertide, always so very holy in the Catholic North. Amid the blasts and snows of our blustery March, how often have we witnessed the long processions of the faithful Sons of Erin unveiling their ancient green banners, taking out their ancestral beaver hats, swathing their shoulders with the green and tinsel sashes of their patriotic orders and filing bravely and proudly through the main streets of our American cities!

"Echoes shook the Wearing of the Green over hills and vales and skyscrapers, into many a hidden nook, many a feeling heart, many a hostile stronghold, with the portent of a new age and an ancient defiance. The Irish were out; the horses pranced and joggled their brave cavaliers; the small boys laughed and waved their little bardic flags; old men and women, torn in youth from their native farm lands, went back into their hearts and tried in vain to hide the welling tear. Gorgeousness of the United Ireland insignias; faded black broadcloth gentility; the doughty parish priest and his blackthorn; the open barouche and the jaunting car; the little maids of Tara in their green cloaks and ogham brooches; the lilts from Donegal and the Rocky Roads of Dublin, all were part of an enthusiasm that can be found nowhere outside of an Irish demonstration. Tears and laughter, laments and boastings, 'cead mille failthes' and 'doc-an-dhorris,' pipers and drummers! There comes Father O'Flynn!—Glory be! But Tim Monaghan, the contractor, has slipped off his charger! Here come the Boys of 47!—That's the brass band of the Sixty-ninth! as a noble group of plethoric Germans make their appearance playing the gallant melody of Killarney. How we thrill at it all; how we grieve over the desolate events that memory evokes; how we plume ourselves on our fidelity, the sufferings of our ancestors, the inevitable victories that are before our children!

"I tell you, Britannicus, that the Saint Patrick parades of today cannot compare in thrill, spectacle or interest with those of twenty years ago. I am not overcome by the sight of the governor or the mayor in their shining beavers surrounded by the Board of Estimate on the steps of the City Hall; the sleek cohorts of high-hatted officials leave me cold as they file by to A Long Way to Tipperary; there are too many Italian lads in the protectory bands—bless the little chaps for all that! And the bobbed-haired, short-skirted Ladies of Cork and Girls of Connemara hardly bring back recollections of grandmother and her little hood. But when that ancient banner of green satin, stained from many stormy processions, carried on its great float with ribbons and golden tassels, comes in sight, I am ready with the tributary tear.

"Painted thereon is the goodly image of His Lordship of Tara scotching the serpents that are flying from his blessed isle; I hear in the distant echo the clamor of chieftains and monks following after him to scatter the spirit of Ireland across the pagan world around them. For if it was the Jew who gave to the world of Europe the faith of Jehovah, it was the Celt of Ireland who brought forth the spirit and soul of Christ to enlighten and humanize the rigidity and gloom of eastern liturgy. Pope Gregory felt this when he said, 'Non Angli sed angeli.' And the mystical old Englishman, Lilly, declared that the general conversation of the holy throngs in heaven was

STELLA MARIS
NEWPORT, R. I.
A rest house for women, convalescents and others desiring restful conditions. Overlooking Narragansett Bay. Well heated, spacious and comfortable; excellent table. Accommodations limited. Reasonable rates.
Address: SISTERS OF THE HOLY GHOST

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(*P. O. Address Convent Station*)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

MELROSE ACADEMY
School for Girls
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes. Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart

IRISH BACON—HAMS
Westphalian Hams—German Frankfurters
IMPORTERS
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

PIUS X. SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music. Gregorian Chant and Accompaniment to Gregorian Chant. Choir Conducting and Training of Choirs. Pius X Choir Rehearsal of Sunday Mass, Vespers, etc. Musical Theory for High Schools and older students. Harmony.
Demonstration classes in Justine Ward Method. Violin ensemble classes. Piano ensemble classes. Vocal Production. Sight Singing.
Courses merit College Credits
Summer Session Opens June 25th.
For further information write or telephone The Secretary, Edgecombe 2272

FEET on Parade
No longer do we hide them,
They are always plain in view
Why not make the most of them
It's the proper thing to do.
Stylish shoes that fit well
With comfort may be worn
And you'll be proud of your feet
If they're shod by PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 W. 36th St. New York
29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

29th INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
Sydney, Australia. September 6-9, 1928
Send for Preliminary Announcement of Sailings and Rates to
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY
535 Fifth Avenue, New York Phone: Murray Hill 8390
Booklet, Travel Suggestions Europe '28, on Request

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

McCARTHY & SIMON INC
7-9 WEST 36th STREET
JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE
New York
Caps—Gowns—Hoods
School and College Uniforms and Gym Apparel
Quality Apparel—Specialized Service—Moderate Prices
Samples on Request

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Gaelic, although we have no tradition that they used the old tongue when the angels sang over Bethlehem.

"Britannicus, I want you for lunch with me on the seventeenth; we shall have an easy-chair in the club window and can see the procession in comfort. I can then continue with my recollections of the dinners of the Friendly Sons and the Charitable Gaels. It is years since I attended these banquets and I wonder if they are quite as brilliant as of yore. Humor was once considered the prerogative of the Irish, but nowadays I hear so many Scotch stories that I begin to feel the old order changes and the new has not yet arrived. We have tried to choke the romantic Irishman and I still hope he is actually dead. We are really a spiritual leaven in the world—if we are not that, we are nothing."

"Good Doctor, you impress me deeply," remarked Britannicus when Angelicus paused for breath, "but perhaps you have not heard the new limerick they are circulating about A. E.?

"When the Buddhist Hibernian Russell
Swallowed down his first Poet Club mussel,
He began to quote Yeats
To the Jews in the seats
As each school-marm adjusted her bustle."

The first note of the limerick sounded like reveillé throughout the library. Hereticus was aroused from a long lethargy; he sprang like Horatius on the bridge and recited his newest versicle written after a study of the morning newspaper:

"They've arrested the Freudian Swami
Who gave lectures on sex at Miami;
As the van drove away
He turned sweetly to say
That the Florida climate was balmy."

Stealing up to the Doctor's chair came the adolescent Titivillus with another manuscript for consideration, and adjusting his tortoise shells, Angelicus read aloud:

"Our flying ambassador Lindy
Slipped aloft mid the feasting and shindy,
But that young aeronaut
Never said what he thought
For the voyage was foggy and windy."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT STEWART, dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Nevada, was formerly associated with Utah Agricultural College, and the University of Illinois.

REV. C. C. MARTINDALE, S. J., of Campion Hall, Oxford, is the well-known English preacher, and the author of The Life of R. H. Benson; The Life of Bernard Vaughan, S. J.; The Goddess of Ghosts; The Difficult Commandment; and Gospel and Citizen.

EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE is the author of critical and historical papers for the American periodicals.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON is a New York poet and critic, and American representative for Cosmopolis (Madrid).

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., is a Washington correspondent and member of the United States Daily.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL, art critic and novelist, is the author of The Law of Life; and Carmichael.

ELSPETH GIVENS is a member of the faculty of a girls' school in New England.

JOHN CARTER is the author of Man Is War.

JOHN C. O'CONNELL, formerly of the Mobile Register, is now on the staff of the New York Times.

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, is the author of The Church and Science; and The Romans in Britain.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN, a graduate of the National University of Ireland, is studying Celtic literature in Harvard University.

MARTHA BAYARD is a general reviewer for American periodicals.

ELISE H. LINFERT is in charge of welfare work in Mercy Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., is the author of The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries; and The Popes and Science.

REV. JAMES HEALY is an assistant pastor of Saint Joseph's, Redding, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED